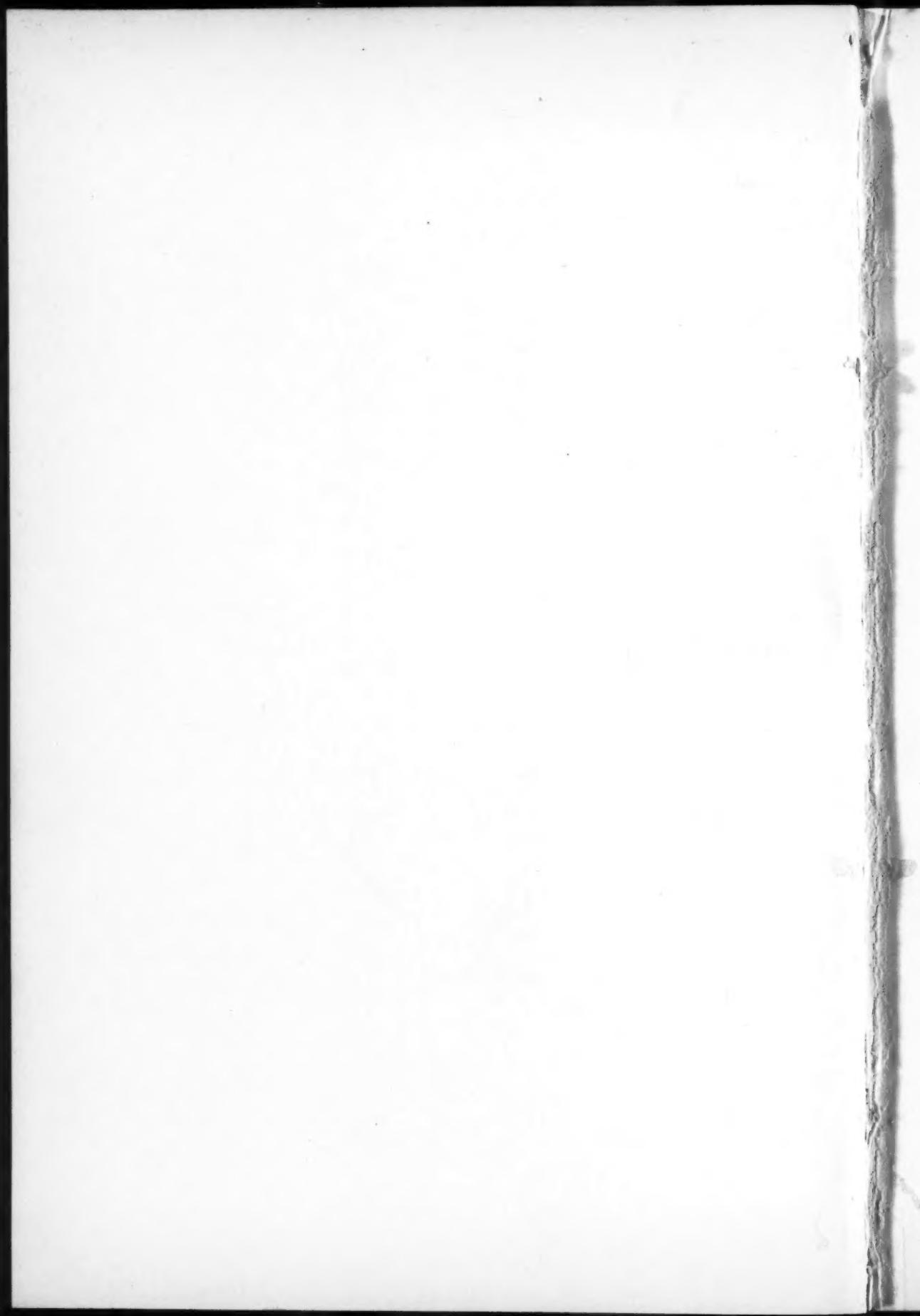


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The American-Scandinavian Review

VOLUME V

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1917

NUMBER 1

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
TOBOGGANING. Painting by Elsa Backlund-Celsing	Cover
CONTRIBUTORS	7
A TELEMARKEN SCENE. Painting by Erik Werenskiold	8
THE COMMERCIAL POLICY OF SCANDINAVIA. By Bredo Morgenstierne	9
CHORUS OF THE WINDS. Poem. By Per Daniel Atterbom. Translated by C. W. Stork	13
DANES IN SIAM. By Jens Iverson Westengard. Five Illustrations	14
A SWEDISH WOMAN SCULPTOR. By Ragna Bergliot Eskil. Three Illustrations	20
BLACK SWANS. Poem. By Carl Snoilsky. Translated by C. W. Stork	22
ART-LOVING MINNEAPOLIS. Illustration	23
THE PEACE OF GOD. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by J. Brochner	24
THREE TALES FROM NORWAY. Collected by Alhed Schou. Translated by S. M. G.	33
FJORD AND GLACIER IN WINTER. Three Photographs by Wilse	36
MAKING THE DANISH CHILD FIT. By Anna Duncan Higgins. Seven Illustrations	38
ALMOND FOR LUCK. By Birgitte M. Mogensen	45
EDITORIAL: Purify Thy Soul on the Battlefield, A Little Behind Finland, Four years of Accomplishment, Prisoners' Relief	47
BOOKS: The Emperor of Portugallia; Leaders in Norway and Other Essays; Glimpses from Agnes Mathilde Wergeland's Life; Politics and Crowd Morality; War, Peace, and the Future; King Saint Olaf	52
BRIEF NOTES	55



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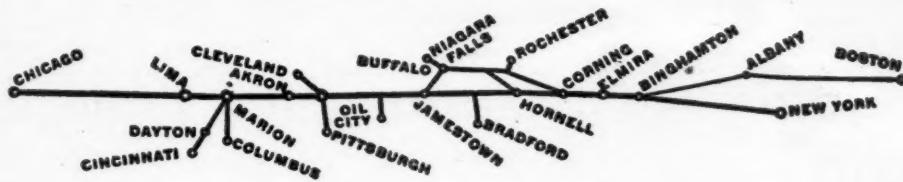
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A Statement to the Public CHARTER

The American-Scandinavian Foundation was incorporated on March 16, 1911, under a self-perpetuating Board of Trustees, to hold in trust and administer an endowment created by the late Niels Poulsen, with power to receive and manage any other funds entrusted to their care. The charter, prepared by Mr. Poulsen himself, with the object of making its scope as broad as possible and of leaving the Trustees as free as possible, specifies that the Foundation exists "for the purpose of maintaining an exchange of students and teachers, and for supporting all other forms of educational intercourse between the United States of America, Denmark, Norway and Sweden, to do and perform all things necessary to encourage and uphold by any means the objects of the said Foundation which from time to time shall seem expedient to its Trustees, thereby (1) cultivating closer relations between the Scandinavian countries and the United States of America, and (2) strengthening the friendly bonds between the American-Scandinavians."

ORGANIZATION

Trustees.—Mr. Poulsen selected a Board of Trustees, which has not changed since except for three members. The present trustees are Samuel T. Dutton, E. V. Eskesen, John A. Gade, John D. Hage, Charles S. Haight, O. H. Haugan, Hamilton Holt, William Hovgaard, A. E. Johnson, Frederick Lynch, A. H. Palmer, Christopher Ravn, W. H. Schofield, W. H. Short, and C. A. Smith. The majority of the Board are of Scandinavian birth. No member receives financial remuneration of any kind for his services.

Patrons.—The Foundation has the honor to have as patrons their Majesties the King of Sweden, the King of Denmark, and the King of Norway.

Advisory Committees.—The Foundation has the active support of the following Advisory Committees, made up of distinguished men, appointed by their Governments: In Sweden—Oscar Montelius, chairman; L. Aksel Andersson, G. F. Gunnar Andersson, Svante A. Arrhenius, Per T. Berg, P. Axel Herrlin, H. J. B. Juhlin-Dannfelt, Thorsten Laurin, J. Gustaf Richert, Gustaf F. Steffen. In Denmark—A. P. Weis, chairman; Bernhard Böggild, Alexander Foss, Otto Jespersen, Wilhelm Johannsen, Arnold Krog, Hans O. Lange, H. L. Möller, Asger Ostenfeld. In Norway—K. J. Hougen, chairman; C. C. Berner, Samuel Eyde, Vilhelm Krag, Martha E. Larsen, Bredo Morgenstierne, Johan Ludwig Mowinckel, S. Saeland, Nils Odegaard.

Associates.—The Foundation has at present over 5,000 Associates, drawn from every State in the Union, and from all the Scandinavian countries. Their number is rapidly growing. In Denmark an influential American Society, affiliated with the Foundation, has been established.

FOUR YEARS OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

The Board began operation in the fall of 1912. Here are a few outstanding facts in its record of achievement.

Aids to Students and Teachers.—Already sixty stipends have been awarded to enable students and teachers to continue their work. Twenty-two Fellows, appointed by the Advisory Committees in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, have crossed the ocean to study in American institutions. Returning, these students spread abroad an intimate knowledge of American culture. With perhaps one exception, they have profited by their studies in this country, both intellectually and materially, and been promoted to positions of responsibility in their communities. At least one-third of former Fellows have published results of their studies in America. Thus an unbreakable intellectual link has been forged between the United States and the countries of northern Europe.

■ **The American-Scandinavian Review.**—Documents in the files of the office attest Mr. Poulsen's desire for the founding of a magazine to further the objects of the Foundation, especially that of "strengthening the friendly bonds between the American-Scandinavians." The *Review*, published by the Foundation, has met with the highest praise, not only from them, but also from Americans of every rank. Already 105,000 copies have been distributed.

Scandinavian Classics.—Six volumes of translations of notable works, ancient and modern, by writers from all parts of Scandinavia, including Iceland, have already been published, and widely

welcomed as filling a long-felt want. The series is published by the Foundation in the belief that greater familiarity with the chief literary monuments of the North will help Americans to a better understanding of Scandinavians, and thus serve to stimulate their sympathetic co-operation to good ends.

Scandinavian Monographs.—These publications, two of which have so far been issued, serve as an aid to students, more precious to some than stipends, and as a means of educational intercourse, between America and Scandinavia. The series is published by the Foundation to promote the study of Scandinavian history and culture, in the belief that true knowledge of the North will contribute to the common profit on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study receives each year from the Foundation some aid in the encouragement of its educational work.

An Exhibition of Scandinavian Art, endowed by the Foundation, was attended by 168,000 persons.

The Office of the Foundation has been of inestimable service to Scandinavian students from abroad. More than 500 of them, apart from Fellows and Scholars officially appointed, have made useful connections by the aid of the Secretary and his small staff. In America the office has been asked for expert advice by upward of one thousand libraries and study clubs, and aided in managing concerts and lectures.

THE COST

All this has been done on a net annual income of \$17,000. Obviously, twice as much could be accomplished with the same degree of efficiency if more funds were provided, as Mr. Poulsen eagerly hoped. He expressly refused to attach his own name to the Foundation that it might not deter other benefactors from adding to the fund. In fact, a gift much smaller than the present endowment would enable the Foundation to double its activity, since the running office expenses would increase but little.

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Full information may be had by writing to the Secretary, Dr. H. G. Leach, or to any one of the Trustees.

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Subject to seasons, sailings,
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CONTRIBUTORS TO THE YULE NUMBER

The cover design is from a painting by ELSA BACKLUND-CELSING shown in the Swedish Circuit Exhibition now in this country.

ERIK WERENSKIOLD sent four paintings to the Scandinavian Exhibition of 1912-1913. His painting "Two Little Girls" was especially popular and was extensively reproduced here.

BREDO MORGESTIERNE, professor of jurisprudence and rector of the University of Norway, is an authority on economics and international relations. Owing to the disorganized condition of the mails, it has been impossible to have Professor Morgenstierne pass on the proofs of his article, which was contributed in Norwegian manuscript form and carefully translated in the office of the REVIEW.

PER DANIEL ATTERBOM, born 1790, died 1855, was a leader of the New Romantic movement in Sweden and known not only for his poetry, but for his literary studies.

JENS IVERSON WESTENGARD has himself taken an honorable part in the work of distinguished Danes for the reconstruction of Siam. He was General Advisor to His Siamese Majesty's Government with the rank of minister plenipotentiary and Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Siam. Among the numerous honors that have come to him is the Siamese decoration the Grand Cordon of the White Elephant. Last year Professor Westengard, who is an American by birth and education, though of Danish descent, returned to this country to accept a position as professor of international law at Harvard.

RAGNA BERGLIOT ESKIL is an American newspaper and magazine writer of Norwegian descent, a resident of Chicago.

"Black Swans" is one of the best-known poems of the great Swedish poet, CARL SNOILSKY, born 1841, died 1903.

"The Peace of God" is from a collection of SELMA LAGERLÖF'S short stories, translated by Jessie Brochner, and entitled *From a Swedish Homestead*. We are indebted for permission to reprint it to Doubleday, Page and Company, who have recently acquired the greater number of Selma Lagerlöf's works now available in English.

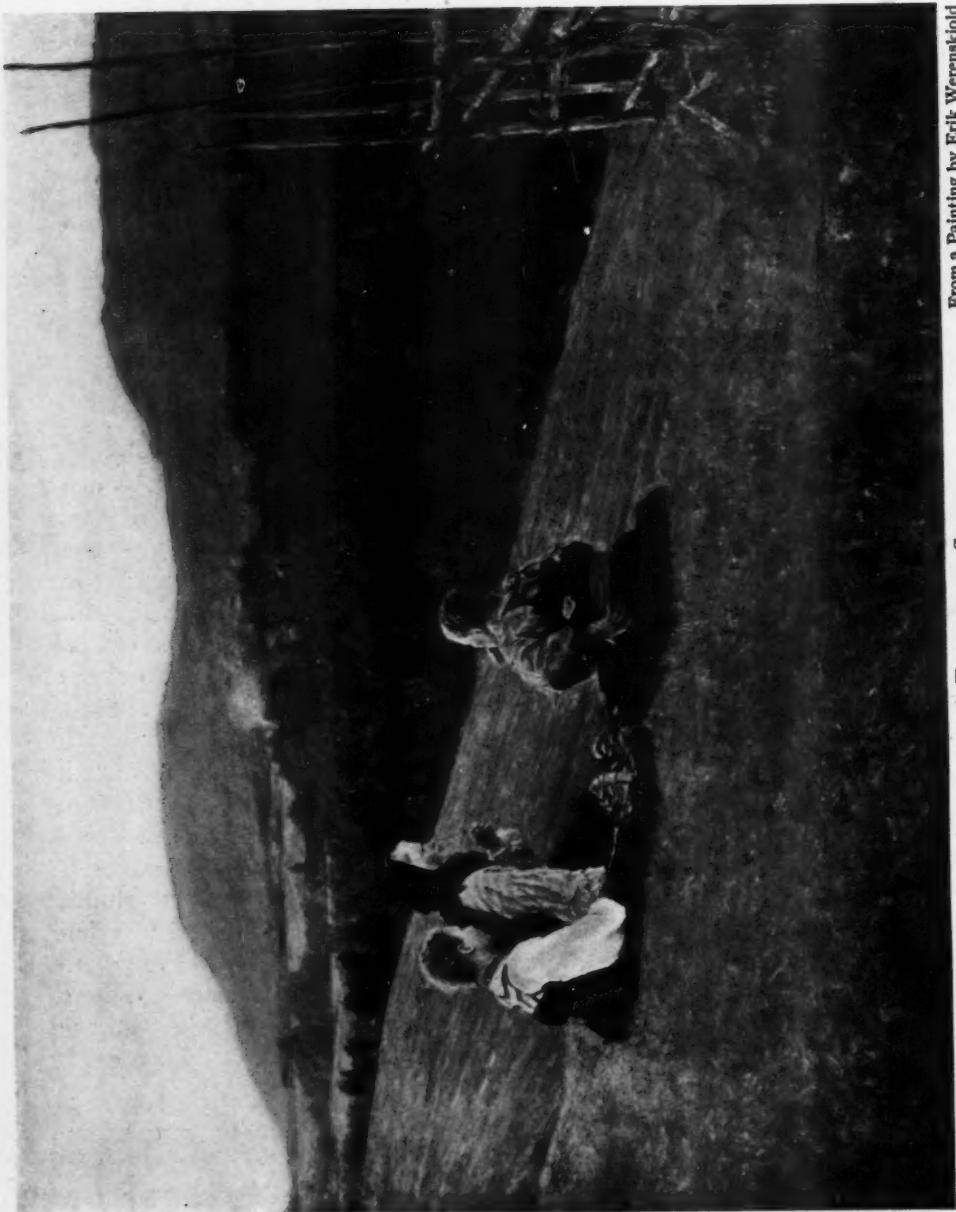
The three little gems of Norwegian folk-lore from the secluded valley of Jölster have been collected by ALHED SCHOU and first appeared in her book *Svanöen*, published by Aschehoug and Company.

ANNA DUNCAN HIGGINS is instructor in physical culture in the schools. At present she is in New York, engaged in the work of building up the muscles and nerves of children who are recovering from infantile paralysis.

BIRGITTE MONRAD MOGENSEN is the granddaughter of Bishop Monrad. She attributes it to her mother that, in spite of many years' residence abroad, she has retained the customs of her Danish home.

From a Painting by Erik Werenskiold

A TELEMARKEN SCENE



THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME V

JANUARY-FEBRUARY · 1917

NUMBER 1

The Commercial Policy of Scandinavia

By BREDO MORGENSTIERNE

ECONOMIC conditions in Scandinavia have been to a marked degree influenced by the war, in some respects for the better, in others for the worse. Some of these influences are more or less passing in their nature, while others are permanent and will, no doubt, affect the future of the three countries. I believe, however, that it is beyond human power to foretell how conditions may develop after the war. Generally speaking, the attempts that have been made, from time to time, to cast economical horoscopes have been so unfortunate as to admonish us to go very slowly in our prophecies. Perhaps it may be profitable to recall a few instances.

Some twenty years ago, it was a common theory among students of economics, amounting to a generally accepted dogma, that the ordinary rate of interest was sinking surely and steadily to a point where even the best securities would draw only 1 per cent. or less. The trend of recent development has put this theory to shame and, in the opinion of our day, the prospect of a violent fall in the rate of interest has been relegated to a distant future, if, indeed, it will ever take place. Another such fallacy was the theory, held all the world over, that gold was the surest of all values, and that the problem for national banks resolved itself into the duty of always having on hand gold enough to meet all demands. During the progress of the war this theory has begun to totter in several countries. Some banks of issue have realized that they were threatened with a surplus of gold and—as in Sweden—have taken steps to guard against it. The general faith in gold as the future index of values and means of exchange is not nearly so well established as it was. This is a situation which I doubt that any experienced banker or financier could have conceived of, even a few years ago. We

may remember also that, before the war and even for some time after the outbreak of hostilities, men most conversant with the financial situation were heard to declare that a great European war could not possibly last very long, for the economic resources of the belligerent countries would be so utterly drained that the conflict would soon end in pure exhaustion. Yet we are now in the third year of the war, and with no end in sight. Furthermore, who could have guessed beforehand the many curious economic features which the war has brought forth, such as the violent fall in the rate of exchange, the high freight rates, the rise in the cost of living, the enormous earnings in many lines of business in the neutral countries, the totally new channels into which trade has been diverted, the changed conditions of the insurance market and so forth.

With these and many similar experiences before our eyes, we grow wary in prophesying what course the economic development may take after the war, and all the more when we remember that it must, to a great extent, depend on the contents of the treaty of peace. Moreover, we cannot know how much of that mutual system of blockade which the belligerent countries have planned can actually be put into practice for any length of time. The outlook becomes even more uncertain when we take into account the fact that the treaty of peace will undoubtedly attempt to solve many questions of commercial policy, but in what manner is yet unknown and unguessed by any human being.

This being true, there are only a few general statements regarding the economic development and commercial policies of Scandinavia which, in my judgment, may be advanced with any degree of confidence.

One of these is based on the fact that the trade of Scandinavia, as of all the neutral countries, has been forced into new channels during the war, and seems likely to follow the same courses after peace has been declared. The increase in business with the United States of America has been especially marked, and I see no reason to doubt that the connections newly formed or strengthened in war times will be kept up, and perhaps greatly extended in years of peace. Nor is it unlikely that the policies of the warring countries themselves will contribute to this end, for we may expect the sting of recrimination to be directed not only by each group of belligerents against the other, but against neutrals as well. This is probable for two reasons. The various powers will be forced to seek compensation for the interruption or decrease of trade with their enemies, an interruption which, no doubt, will continue for some time and to some extent in the future. Strong pressure will, therefore, be brought to bear on the neutrals to force them under the

commercial dominion of certain powers. Secondly, the belligerents are likely to harbor a keen resentment against those who, in their opinion, have been enriched at their expense, and their policy in dealing with the neutrals will be directed toward making good such losses. But a policy of this kind on the part of the belligerents will, naturally, lead to reprisals from the neutrals and, as the most important measure, they will endeavor to knit more closely their business ties with one another in order to avoid dependence on the trade of the countries now at war.

In the particular case of the Scandinavian countries, the fear of such pressure from the commercial policies of the great powers or groups of powers is producing a very definite effect, one looking to a more intimate association of the countries themselves in business relations and commercial policies. In fact, it is a long time since so many and so weighty public utterances in favor of economic co-operation have been heard from all three countries.

The principle is, of course, by no means new. Efforts in the same direction have been made for the last half century, beginning with the meetings of Scandinavian economists from the sixties to the eighties. Later we have the Northern Society for Economic Co-operation—of which more will be said below—and, finally, a number of special associations of certain groups, such as merchants, manufacturers and ship owners, in the three countries. There are many forms which such co-operation may take, as, for instance, working together in trade and industry, facilitating transportation, guarding common interests by joint action, and passing similar laws to regulate trade and shipping. Yet, there is one matter that will inevitably force itself upon us—the possibility of a customs union or a common commercial policy. On this point especially I believe the efforts toward closer union will gain added significance from present conditions. Indeed it would seem that some such action will be forced upon us as a pure measure of self-defence against the pressure which the nations now at war will no doubt bring to bear on the neutral countries after peace has been declared.

Two purposes would be achieved by a customs union. It would extend the home market for domestic products, or some of these, to include three countries with an aggregate population of twelve million. How important this is will be appreciated in the United States, which itself has so enormous a home market; it will readily be seen how hampered and restricted the Scandinavian countries are by the smallness of their market. Their business men are forced to turn to export trade, in which they are dependent on the customs regulations of foreign countries, and the movement toward specialization of industry is made more difficult by the narrowness of the field. Another benefit of a customs union would be to strengthen

our position when negotiating treaties with other nations, and thus give our domestic products a more effective protection against commercial aggression from without. The importance of this is too clear to need demonstration. Our statesmen have too often been made to feel at a disadvantage in representing a small nation with a correspondingly small market against a strong nation with a correspondingly large market. Too often their attempts to win certain concessions have been met with the rejoinder that what they had to offer in return was of too slight importance to receive serious consideration. The situation would be very different if the Scandinavian representatives could act together as the spokesmen of a customs territory of twelve million people.

While the advantages of such a union are self-evident, it is also true that carrying it into effect will be fraught with many difficulties and misgivings. It would by no means be an easy task to overcome that fear of competition which undoubtedly would raise its head among the producers of each country when confronted with the idea of a duty-free import from across the border. The plan would, therefore, have to be put into practice with the utmost care and consideration for all conflicting interests. Without entering into details, I may indicate two alternatives between which we should have to choose. One is an international agreement similar to the so-called *mellemrigsordning* that once existed between Norway and Sweden, consisting of mutual freedom from duty on home products, together with complete independence in the customs regulations affecting other countries. The arrangement, when in force, was found to suffer from serious drawbacks and to give occasion for bickerings. Moreover, it would fail entirely to meet the second purpose of economic co-operation, namely, the strengthening of the commercial position of Scandinavia toward the world at large. This could be reached only through the other alternative, that of a complete customs union. No doubt such a union could—and to begin with, probably ought to—be limited to certain groups of products, but within these groups it must be in force regardless of whether the goods were of foreign or domestic manufacture. There would have to be the same import duties, and the income should be equalized by apportioning the revenue according to the population of the countries or in some other way that might be decided upon. In order to realize completely the desired strengthening of the Scandinavian countries through concerted action in their treaty negotiations with other powers, it would be necessary to have the customs union fairly inclusive in the matter of products concerned, though, to begin with, many important groups would, no doubt, have to be excluded, to allay the misgivings caused by fear of competition.

Discussions of this subject were the main objective of the Society for Economic Co-operation which was organized in 1904, after several years of preliminary work. The invitations to the meeting were signed by one hundred and twenty names, and a mere perusal of the list is impressive, showing as it does a representative gathering of social economists, statesmen, and practical men of affairs from all three countries.

Unfortunately, the active life of the Society was all too short, for after the events of 1905 it was obliged to suspend its labors, and they have not been resumed, though the Society has never been formally dissolved. Lectures had been arranged and some popular literature published. An important and exceedingly instructive piece of work was the survey of inter-Scandinavian commerce during the years 1900 to 1906, which was made by the statistical bureaus of the three countries.

Such a survey is an indispensable basis for that detailed exposition of the whole subject, without which we cannot come from sounds to things. Before that is available we can but discuss generalities without getting nearer to a practical working out of the question. Nor can we look for such an exposition from any other source than a Scandinavian commission of experts in the various fields. Only when the three Governments, in a full realization of the great importance of the matter, take steps to form such a commission shall we approach the solution of the problem.

Chorus of the Winds

By PER DANIEL ATTERBOM

Translated from the Swedish by CHARLES WHARTON STORK

*Up through the air, over land, over ocean,
Swift let the storm of our legions be hurled!
Morn's rosy wand with imperious motion
Beckons us forth to the wakening world.
Onward, to play in
The billows that rove!
Onward, to sway in
The murmuring grove!*

*Beast and dull man may but hark to the roaring
Sound of our wings from some stifling den.
We, to the heavenly citadel soaring,
Come back to the earth with our tidings again.*

Danes in Siam

By JENS IVERSON WESTENGARD

IN view of the great differences between Denmark and Siam in respect to geographical situation, climate, and the races inhabiting the two countries, it is surprising to find that there is more than a slight connection binding them together. Denmark lies in northern Europe; it is one of the Scandinavian states whose people speak of themselves as peculiarly the Northmen. Siam lies wholly within the tropics, inhabited by a population drawn from a variety of Asiatic peoples. Denmark and Siam are small countries, but size is relative, and Siam is hardly to be accounted small when measured by the standards of Europe, for she is as large as France, though her population is only eight millions. Notwithstanding the great distance separating the two states, Danes have played an important and honorable part in the development of the administration and the commerce of Siam. The story of how this has come about may not be without interest, but as a preliminary to the telling it is necessary to sketch briefly the political history of Siam during the last sixty years.

The powers of Europe, especially Great Britain and France, during the second half of the nineteenth century, pursued an active policy of colonial and commercial expansion in Asia. From the north, west, and south the British possessions approached the Kingdom of Siam, until, in 1885, Upper Burma fell before the arms of England and the chain was complete. On the east, France, having gained a firm foothold in Cochin-China, extended her frontiers until, in 1893, there was an armed struggle between her and Siam, as a result of which Siam acknowledged French supremacy over vast territories theretofore in dispute. These political changes brought Siam into direct contact with the Western powers. Meanwhile trade with the subjects of the European nations was also growing. While Siam in the past had never been a closed country, as were some other Asiatic states, yet contact with the West had been, on the whole, only slight. Now, however, new conditions had arisen; new relations were being created, and if the state were to maintain its independent, self-governing position, fundamental changes in policy and administration had to be made and that speedily. The beginning of the new era may be placed at about 1855, when the first of the existing treaties, that with Great Britain, was signed. At first, the change seems to have been slow, but in the seventies Europeans were coming to Siam in considerable numbers, temporarily as owners and skippers of trading vessels, or more permanently as local merchants. The country was becoming known.

Among the Danes who visited Bangkok in those days were some who remained, either in the Siamese Government service, or to carry on trade, and of these two names stand out—de Richelieu and Andersen.

H. N. Andersen (*Etatsraad* Andersen as he now is and has been for many years) not only laid the foundations, but also built the superstructure of the largest of the Danish commercial interests in Siam. The small business which he founded grew in time into the East Asiatic Company (Det Øst-Asiatiske Kompagni, commonly known as "Ø K"). This corporation, with headquarters in Copenhagen, is active in manufacture, commerce, and shipping. Its steamship and motorship lines cover the principal thoroughfares of traffic in most of the seas of the world. Its manufactories extend from Copenhagen, through the tropics of southern Asia, to Vladivostok, in northeastern Asia. Its commerce is carried on in all the continents. The company itself works with a capital of twenty-five million kroner, and its affiliated and daughter companies control as much again. The notable success which has attended the varied and extended activities of the company is due, as must almost necessarily be the case, to foresight, alertness, willingness to seize opportunities, and if need be to create and then to meet them. And these are among the qualities possessed in a high degree by *Etatsraad* Andersen.

The story of the origin and growth of this company is a fascinating one. It will easily fill a volume, but only the bare outline can be given here. The beginning of the story is to be found in the voyage to the East which Andersen made in a sailing vessel in the seventies. Struck by the possibilities which Siam offered in the changing conditions then evident, he returned and became master of a trading ship belonging to the King. Andersen's keen insight into



ETATSRAAD ANDERSEN



THE OFFICE BUILDING OF THE EAST ASIATIC COMPANY IN BANGKOK

commercial opportunities led him to make a highly successful voyage to Europe with a lading of teak timber. When he left the ship he undertook the management of a valuable piece of landed property in Bangkok and the purchase of an existing trading business, but these were small enterprises compared with the plans he had in mind and of which he never lost sight. The individual efforts of Andersen were, in 1884, absorbed by the firm of Andersen & Co., and ten years later he began the realization of his plans by the construction of a saw mill in Bangkok and the acquisition of teak forest concessions in the north of Siam. Shortly thereafter he began the development of shipping interests.

In 1897 the identity of Andersen & Co. was merged in the East Asiatic Company, and now the genius of Andersen was assured of an opportunity for its free exercise, through the supply of capital, which had hitherto been wanting. From that time on, the enterprises undertaken by the company multiplied and spread with bewildering rapidity. A Russian and a French East Asiatic company were formed to deal with special interests in the dominions of each of those Powers. Other daughter companies were established in Africa, Sweden, and the West Indies. Manufacturing interests were created or taken over, such as rice mills in Sweden, cocoanut oil mills, and soya bean mills in Copenhagen, the capacity of the latter being

more than quadrupled in six years, and rubber plantations in the Malay Peninsula. An interesting example of the far-sightedness characteristic of the company has been its development of the Diesel motor marine engines and the employment of them as the motive power of large seagoing ships.

The mere enumeration of the lands in which the company and its daughter and affiliated corporations operate is almost a romance in itself—Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Germany, France, England, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey, Algiers, Egypt, Arabia, India, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, the Philippines, the Sunda Islands, China, Japan, Manchuria, Siberia, the West Indies, the United States, Central and South America, Canada, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand.

Siam, as we have seen, was the birthplace of this great undertaking. There Andersen received his start, and there he dreamed the dreams which afterwards he made realities. For that reason, he retains an affection for the Kingdom which is not diminished by either the passing of time nor the wide sweep given to his energies. In Siam the East Asiatic Company still thrives. There it works its teak and other forests, carries on its import and export trade, and manages the lines of local coasting steamers.

These coasting lines are an excellent example of the mutual benefits which may be derived by a country from the legitimate employment of foreign capital within its borders. The larger part of the southern boundary of Siam is formed by the Gulf of Siam. In the absence of adequate transportation facilities little trade was carried on along the coast, but the company sent out a ship on regular schedule to visit the towns along the sea. Soon another ship was added and in the course of a few years four or five ships were hardly able to deal with the trade which had arisen along the coast of the Malay Peninsula. In time the same development took place along the coast eastward from Bangkok.

Another considerable commercial interest built up by Danes, though they have now parted with their control over it, is the fur-



ELEPHANTS OF THE EAST ASIATIC COMPANY HAULING TEAK



GENERAL SCHAU



ADMIRAL RICHELIEU

nishing of electric energy in Bangkok. The lighting of this city, with a population of 600,000 people, and providing tram-car transportation for it, were in the hands of a number of companies, none of which achieved success, until 1901, when the various interests were taken over by the Siam Electricity Company, Ltd., a Danish corporation under Danish management. As a result of this consolidation great improvements were made in the lighting and tram-car services, and the company has prospered exceedingly. Four years ago Belgian capitalists succeeded in securing the control of a majority of the shares, so the enterprise can hardly be said today to be Danish in character.

Reference has been made to the necessity imposed on Siam to reform the administration of government in all its branches. The old-fashioned rule of an Eastern state had to be altered into an administration in harmony with Western ideas of good government, if the Kingdom were to retain its place in the family of nations. No more difficult task could be set before a people and its rulers, but the Kings of Siam seem ever to have been men of courage and resource, and these qualities have enabled the state to deal with the problem with at least a considerable measure of success. In this task Danes have also had an important share. Among them,

the most prominent are A. D. de Richelieu, whose name has already been mentioned, and G. Schau. The former attained the position of chief of the Siamese navy, with the rank of Admiral; the latter that of Major-General of the Siamese Gendarmerie, and both of them became Siamese nobles of high rank. While these two men were leaders many of their compatriots occupied posts of responsibility and authority in the two services. The Danish officers in the navy have nearly all retired, after many years of service, but a number of Danes are still in the Gendarmerie. Admiral de Richelieu left in 1902, after having done much to build up the Siamese navy and after having reached a position of high influence in the state.

The work of General Schau in constructing the Gendarmerie, or rural police force, has been especially interesting and valuable. The establishment of an efficient police is, even in the Western world, a comparatively recent accomplishment. The task in Siam was rendered peculiarly difficult by certain conditions. In the first place, two hundred thousand square miles in themselves form an extended territory to deal with. Much of the ground is hilly, even mountainous, overgrown with dense forest. Other portions are level rice plains, easier to patrol, but offering forms of crimes and disorder peculiar to those regions. In the second place, the material out of which the Gendarmerie had to be created was not promising. Notwithstanding difficulties, which at times must have been discouraging, Schau built up a force which effectively covers the entire Kingdom. It numbers ten thousand officers and men, divided among four hundred stations. Peace and order, security for life and property are essentials in all good government, though not always easily attained. In Siam they exist, largely as a result of the efficiency of the Gendarmerie. General Schau retired a year ago and, like *Etatsraad* Andersen and Admiral de Richelieu, he now dwells in his native land, but the work he did in Siam lives and will continue to live.

So Danes have rendered highly efficient service in the reconstruction of the administration of Siam, but they are doubtless ready to admit that, after all, in such a task the foreigner can only advise, assist, lend a hand. Reform to be effective and enduring must take place by and in the people themselves. In so far, therefore, as Siam has really advanced, the work has been done by the rulers, the statesmen and the officials of Siam, aided and sometimes guided by the foreign adviser.

A Swedish Woman Sculptor

By RAGNA BERGLIOT ESKIL

AGNES VALBORG FROMÉN, the only Swedish woman sculptor in America, chose her profession through an accident rather than through intent. She had planned to be a designer, but the good luck, if you will, which had made her alter her decision to study in Paris in favor of the Art Institute of Chicago, sent her one day, shortly after her matriculation, to visit Nellie V. Walker's modeling class. Miss Walker must have sensed the latent ability in this foreign student, for without further ado she ordered her to make a model of a plaster arm, and then went away. Miss Fromén, wondering whether this was the way the Institute instructors treated their

guests, could not do otherwise than comply, and so fascinated did she become with the new art form that before long she had registered wholly for sculpture classes. Three years later her work was being shown in the exhibition rooms upstairs, and soon after she was invited to join the artists in the Lorado Taft Studios on the Midway, a much sought honor. Besides regular contributions to the Institute "shows," her work has been displayed at the Panama - Pacific Exposition, and two examples are now traveling with the exhibition of the National



A DANCING FIGURE



MISS FROMÉN IN HER STUDIO

art. Later she spent some years in Australia and a year in Paris, and her art studies in that city determined her to make art her life work. She returned to Australia and it was not until 1905 that she could set out again for the city of her dreams. She left Australia by way of the Pacific to visit a brother and sister living in this country, and they persuaded her to remain here.

In addition to her modeling and marble cutting, Miss Fromén finds time to teach a class in Hull House, and to lecture before schools and clubs.

Sculpture Society. Her *Spring Fountain*, a permanent feature of the Institute, won the 1912 Municipal League prize, and twice her compositions have received the first prize at the annual art exhibit of the Chicago Swedish Club.

Miss Fromén was born in Waldernasvik, Sweden, where her father, Captain Frederick Fromén, will be remembered for his establishment of the little church at which so many struggling young ministers found help and encouragement. After her father's death, when Agnes was three years old, the family moved to Kalmar. There Agnes received the usual education of a girl of her position, for she had not then planned to specialize in



BABY'S HEAD

She is very enthusiastic in furthering American appreciation of Scandinavian art; she was indefatigable in making the Scandinavian Exhibition and the recent Swedish Exhibition successes in Chicago. Her favorite sculptural subjects are ideal studies and portraiture, and she has also made some delightful figures from the folklore of her native land. With her generous understanding of people, her abundant health and joy in the out-of-doors, her well-read and inquiring mind, and her fine feeling for all that is poetic in life, she brings to her work a rare quality of sympathy and delicacy, combined with great strength and vitality.

Black Swans

By CARL SNOILSKY

Translated from the Swedish by CHARLES WHARTON STORK.

*Black swans, like a sad procession,
O'er the wave their journey take,
Following the sun's last glimmer
Out across the darkening lake.*

*Sable, as though flames had blackened,
Is their feather-garment's hue;
Silent beaks of blood-bright purple
Show their fiery nature too.*

*White swans tamely by the margin
Circle where the crumbs alight.
Forth unto the deep, ye black ones;
Forth, ye glowing brood of night!*

Art-Loving Minneapolis

The Scandinavian Art Society of America, formed a few years ago in Minneapolis, has been looking for worlds to conquer. The opportunity came with the Swedish Circuit Exhibition, which in that city was seen by 21,432 persons and warmly praised in the newspapers. The Society not only gave support to the Exhibition, but decided to purchase two of the most popular pictures, the *Dalecarlian Peasant*, by Helmer Mas-Olle, and *Summer Evening at the River*, by Gustav Adolf Fjaestad. These will be hung in the Art Institute. It is hoped that Danish and Norwegian pictures may be added, and that they may form the nucleus for a Scandinavian collection. Such is the purpose of the Society, as expressed by its president, the Honorable Lauritz S. Swenson, and it will no doubt appeal to the generosity of Scandinavians in the West. The Swedes in Chicago have done pioneer work for Swedish-American art. The Scandinavians in Minneapolis are keeping alive that fresh current of impulse from the old country without which the waters of Scandinavian culture in America would soon turn brackish.



*Painting by Helmer Mas-Olle
DALECARLIAN PEASANT*

The Peace of God

By SELMA LAGERLÖF

Translated from the Swedish by JESSIE BROCHNER

ONCE upon a time there was an old farmhouse. It was Christmas eve, the sky was heavy with snow, and the north wind was biting. It was just that time in the afternoon when everybody was busy finishing their work before they went to the bath-house to have their Christmas bath. There they had made such a fire that the flames went right up the chimney, and sparks and soot were whirled about by the wind, and fell down on the snow-decked roofs of the outhouses. And as the flames appeared above the chimney of the bath-house and rose like a fiery pillar above the farm, every one suddenly felt that Christmas was at hand. The girl that was scrubbing the entrance floor began to hum, although the water was freezing in the bucket beside her. The men in the wood-shed who were cutting Christmas logs began to cut two at a time, and swung their axes as merrily as if log cutting were a mere pastime.

An old woman came out of the pantry with a large pile of cakes in her arms. She went slowly across the yard into the large red-painted dwelling-house, and carried them carefully into the best room, and put them down on the long seat. Then she spread the tablecloth on the table, and arranged the cakes in heaps, a large and a small cake in each heap. She was a singularly ugly old woman, with reddish hair, heavy drooping eyelids, and with a peculiar strained look about the mouth and chin, as if the muscles were too short. But being Christmas-eve, there was such a joy and peace over her that one did not notice how ugly she was.

But there was one person on the farm who was not happy, and that was the girl who was tying up the whisks made of birch twigs that were to be used for the baths. She sat near the fireplace, and had a whole armful of fine birch twigs lying beside her on the floor, but the withes with which she was to bind the twigs would not keep knotted. The best room had a narrow, low window, with small panes, and through them the light from the bath-house shone into the room, playing on the floor and gilding the birch twigs. But the higher the fire burned the more unhappy was the girl. She knew that the whisks would fall to pieces as soon as one touched them, and that she would never hear the last of it until the next Christmas fire was lighted.

Just as she sat there bemoaning herself, the person of whom she was most afraid came into the room. It was her master, Ingmar

Ingmarson. He was sure to have been to the bath-house to see if the stove was hot enough, and now he wanted to see how the whisks were getting on. He was old, was Ingmar Ingmarson, and he was fond of everything old, and just because people were beginning to leave off bathing in the bath-houses and being whipped with birch twigs, he made a great point of having it done on his farm, and having it done properly.

Ingmar Ingmarson wore an old coat of sheep's-skin, skin trousers, and shoes smeared over with pitch. He was dirty and unshaven, slow in all his movements, and came in so softly that one might very well have mistaken him for a beggar. His features resembled his wife's features and his ugliness resembled his wife's ugliness, for they were relations, and from the time the girl first began to notice anything she had learned to feel a wholesome reverence for anybody who looked like that; for it was a great thing to belong to the old family of the Ingmars, which had always been the first in the village. But the highest to which a man could attain was to be Ingmar Ingmarson himself, and be the richest, the wisest, and the mightiest in the whole parish.

Ingmar Ingmarson went up to the girl, took one of the whisks, and swung it in the air. It immediately fell to pieces; one of the twigs landed on the Christmas table, another on the big four-poster.

"I say, my girl," said Old Ingmar, laughing, "do you think one uses that kind of whisk when one takes a bath at the Ingmar's, or are you very tender, my girl?"

When the girl saw that her master did not take it more seriously than that, she took heart, and answered that she could certainly make whisks that would not go to pieces if she could get proper withes to bind them with.

"Then I suppose I must try to get some for you, my girl," said old Ingmar, for he was in a real Christmas humor.

He went out of the room, stepped over the girl who was scouring the floor, and remained standing on the doorstep, to see if there were anyone about whom he could send to the birch-wood for some withes. The farm hands were still busy cutting Yule logs; his son came out of the barn with the Christmas sheaf; his two sons-in-law were putting the carts into the shed so that the yard could be tidy for the Christmas festival. None of them had time to leave their work.

The old man then quietly made up his mind to go himself. He went across the yard as if he were going into the cowshed, looked cautiously round to make sure no one noticed him, and stole along outside the barn where there was a fairly good road to the wood. The old man thought it was better not to let anyone know where he was going, for either his son or his sons-in-law might then have

begged him to remain at home, and old people like to have their own way.

He went down the road, across the fields, through the small pine-forest into the birch-wood. Here he left the road, and waded in the snow to find some young birches.

About the same time the wind at last accomplished what it had been busy with the whole day: it tore the snow from the clouds, and now came rushing through the wood with a long train of snow after it.

Ingmar Ingmarson had just stooped down and cut off a birch twig, when the wind came tearing along laden with snow. Just as the old man was getting up the wind blew a whole heap of snow in his face. His eyes were full of snow, and the wind whirled so violently around him that he was obliged to turn round once or twice.

The whole misfortune, no doubt, arose from Ingmar Ingmarson being so old. In his young days a snowstorm would certainly not have made him dizzy. But now everything danced round him as if he had joined in a Christmas polka, and when he wanted to go home he went in the wrong direction. He went straight into the large pine-forest behind the birch-wood instead of going towards the fields.

It soon grew dark, and the storm continued to howl and whirl around him amongst the young trees on the outskirts of the forest. The old man saw quite well that he was walking amongst fir-trees, but he did not understand that this was wrong, for there were also fir-trees on the other side of the birch-wood nearest the farm. But by-and-by he got so far into the forest that everything was quiet and still—one could not feel the storm, and the trees were high with thick stems—then he found out that he had mistaken the road, and would turn back.

He became excited and upset at the thought that he *could* lose his way, and as he stood there in the midst of the pathless wood he was not sufficiently clear-headed to know in which direction to turn. He first went to the one side and then to the other. At last it occurred to him to retrace his way in his own footprints, but darkness came on, and he could no longer follow them. The trees around him grew higher and higher. Whichever way he went, it was evident to him that he got further and further into the forest.

It was like witchcraft and sorcery, he thought, that he should be running about the woods like this all evening and be too late for the bathing. He turned his cap and rebound his garter, but his head was no clearer. It had become quite dark, and he began to think that he would have to remain the whole night in the woods.

He leant against a tree, stood still for a little, and tried to collect

his thoughts. He knew this forest so well, and had walked in it so much, that he ought to know every single tree. As a boy he had gone there and tended sheep. He had gone there and laid snares for the birds. In his young days he had helped to fell trees there. He had seen old trees cut down and new ones grow up. At last he thought he had an idea where he was, and fancied if he went that and that way he must come upon the right road; but all the same, he only went deeper and deeper into the forest.

Once he felt smooth, firm ground under his feet, and knew from that, that he had at last come to some road. He tried now to follow this, for a road, he thought, was bound to lead to some place or other; but then the road ended at an open space in the forest, and there the snowstorm had it all its own way; there was neither road nor path, only drifts and loose snow. Then the old man's courage failed him; he felt like some poor creature destined to die a lonely death in the wilderness.

He began to grow tired of dragging himself through the snow, and time after time he sat down on a stone to rest; but as soon as he sat down he felt he was on the point of falling asleep, and he knew he would be frozen to death if he did fall asleep, therefore he tried to walk and walk; that was the only thing that could save him. But all at once he could not resist the inclination to sit down. He thought if he could only rest, it did not matter if it did cost him his life.

It was so delightful to sit down that the thought of death did not in the least frighten him. He felt a kind of happiness at the thought that when he was dead the account of his whole life would be read aloud in the church. He thought of how beautifully the old Dean had spoken about his father, and how something equally beautiful would be sure to be said about him. The Dean would say that he had owned the oldest farm in the district, and he would speak about the honor it was to belong to such a distinguished family, and then something would be said about responsibility. Of course there was responsibility in the matter; that he had always known. One must endure to the very last when one was an Ingmar.

The thought rushed through him that it was not befitting for him to be found frozen to death in the wild forest. He would not have that handed down to posterity; and he stood up again and began to walk. He had been sitting so long that masses of snow fell from his fur coat when he moved. But soon he sat down again and began to dream.

The thought of death now came quite gently to him. He thought about the whole of the funeral and all the honor they would show

his dead body. He could see the table laid for the great funeral feast in the large room on the first floor, the Dean and his wife in the seats of honor, the Justice of the Peace, with the white frill spread over his narrow chest; the Major's wife in full dress, with a low silk bodice, and her neck covered with pearls and gold; he saw all the best rooms draped in white—white sheets before the windows, white over the furniture; branches of fir strewn the whole way from the entrance-hall to the church; house-cleaning and butchering, brewing and baking for a fortnight before the funeral; the corpse on a bier in the inmost room; smoke from the newly-lighted fires in the rooms; the whole house crowded with guests; singing over the body whilst the lid of the coffin was being screwed on; silver plates on the coffin; twenty loads of wood burned in a fortnight; the whole village busy cooking food to take to the funeral; all the tall hats newly ironed; all the corn-brandy from the autumn drunk up during the funeral feast; all the roads crowded with people as at fair-time.

Again the old man started up. He had heard them sitting and talking about him during the feast.

"But how did he manage to go and get frozen to death?" asked the Justice of the Peace. "What could he have been doing in the large forest?"

And the Captain would say that it was probably from Christmas ale and corn-brandy. And that roused him again. The Ingmars had never been drunkards. It should never be said of him that he was muddled in his last moments. And he began again to walk and walk; but he was so tired that he could scarcely stand on his legs. It was quite clear to him now that he had got far into the forest, for there were no paths anywhere, but many large rocks, of which he knew there were none lower down. His foot caught between two stones, so that he had difficulty in getting it out, and he stood and moaned. He was quite done for.

Suddenly he fell over a heap of fagots. He fell softly on to the snow and branches, so he was not hurt, but he did not take the trouble to get up again. He had no other desire in the world than to sleep. He pushed the fagots to one side and crept under them as if they were a rug; but when he pushed himself under the branches he felt that underneath there was something warm and soft. This must be a bear, he thought.

He felt the animal move, and heard it sniff; but he lay still. The bear might eat him if it liked, he thought. He had not strength enough to move a single step to get out of its way.

But it seemed as if the bear did not want to harm anyone who

sought its protection on such a night as this. It moved a little further into its lair, as if to make room for its visitor, and directly afterwards it slept again with even, snorting breath.

* * * * *

In the meantime there was but scanty Christmas joy in the old farm of the Ingmars. The whole of Christmas-eve they were looking for Ingmar Ingmarson. First they went all over the dwelling-house and all the outhouses. They searched high and low from loft to cellar. Then they went to the neighboring farms and inquired for Ingmar Ingmarson.

As they did not find him, his sons and his sons-in-law went into the fields and roads. They used the torches which should have lighted the way for people going to early service on Christmas morning in the search for him. The terrible snowstorm had hidden all traces, and the howling of the wind drowned the sound of their voices when they called and shouted. They were out and about until long after midnight, but then they saw that it was useless to continue the search, and that they must wait until daylight to find the old man.

At the first pale streak of dawn everybody was up at Ingmar's farm, and the men stood about the yard ready to set out for the wood. But before they started the old housewife came and called them into the best room. She told them to sit down on the long benches; she herself sat down by the Christmas table with the Bible in front of her and began to read. She tried her best to find something suitable for the occasion, and chose the story of the man who was travelling from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves.

She read slowly and monotonously about the unfortunate man who was succoured by the good Samaritan. Her sons and sons-in-law, her daughters and daughters-in-law, sat around her on the benches. They all resembled her and each other, big and clumsy, with plain, old-fashioned faces, for they all belonged to the old race of the Ingmars. They had all reddish hair, freckled skin and light blue eyes with white eyelashes. They might be different enough from each other in some ways, but they had all a stern look about the mouth, dull eyes, and heavy movements, as if everything were a trouble to them. But one could see that they all, every one of them, belonged to the first people in the neighborhood, and that they knew themselves to be better than other people.

All the sons and daughters of the house of Ingmar sighed deeply during the reading of the Bible. They wondered if some good Samaritan had found the master of the house and taken care of him, for all the Ingmars felt as if they had lost part of their own soul when a misfortune happened to anyone belonging to the family.

The old woman read and read, and came to the question: "Who was neighbor unto him that fell amongst thieves?" But before she had read the answer the door opened and old Ingmar came into the room.

"Mother, here is father," said one of the daughters; and the answer, that the man's neighbor was he who had shown mercy unto him, was never read.

* * * * *

Later in the day the housewife sat again in the same place, and read her Bible. She was alone; the women had gone to church, and the men were bear-hunting in the forest. As soon as Ingmar Ingmarson had eaten and drunk, he took his sons with him and went out to the forest; for it is every man's duty to kill a bear wherever and whenever he comes across one. It does not do to spare a bear, for sooner or later it will get a taste for flesh, and then it will spare neither man nor beast.

But after they were gone a great feeling of fear came over the old housewife, and she began to read her Bible. She read the lesson for the day, which was also the text for the pastor's sermon; but she did not get further than this: "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men." She remained sitting and staring at these words with her dull eyes, now and again sighing deeply. She did not read any further, but she repeated time after time in her slow, drawling voice, "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men."

The eldest son came into the room just as she was going to repeat the words afresh.

"Mother," he said softly.

She heard him, but did not take her eyes from the book whilst she asked:

"Are you not with the others in the forest?"

"Yes," said he, still more softly, "I have been there."

"Come to the table," she said, "so that I can see you."

He came nearer, but when she looked at him she saw that he was trembling. He had to press his hands hard against the edge of the table in order to keep them still.

"Have you got the bear?" she asked again.

He could not answer; he only shook his head.

The old woman got up and did what she had not done since her son was a child. She went up to him, laid her hand on his arm, and drew him to the bench. She sat down beside him and took his hand in hers.

"Tell me now what has happened, my boy."

The young man recognized the caress which had comforted him in bygone days when he had been in trouble and unhappy, and he was so overcome that he began to weep.

"I suppose it is something about father?" she said.

"It is worse than that," the son sobbed.

"Worse than that?"

The young man cried more and more violently; he did not know how to control his voice. At last he lifted his rough hand, with the broad fingers, and pointed to what she had just read—"Peace on earth. . . ."

"Is it anything about that?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered.

"Is it anything about the peace of Christmas?"

"Yes."

"You wished to do an evil deed this morning?"

"Yes."

"And God has punished us?"

"God has punished us."

So at last she was told how it had happened. They had with some trouble found the lair of the bear, and when they had got near enough to see the heap of fagots, they stopped in order to load their guns. But before they were ready the bear rushed out of its lair straight against them. It went neither to the right nor to the left, but straight for old Ingmar Ingmarson, and struck him a blow on the top of the head that felled him to the ground as if he had been struck by lightning. It did not attack any of the others, but rushed past them into the forest.

* * * * *

In the afternoon Ingmar Ingmarson's wife and son drove to the Dean's house to announce his death. The son was spokesman, and the old housewife sat and listened with a face as immovable as a stone figure.

The Dean sat in his easy-chair near his writing table. He had entered the death in the register. He had done it rather slowly; he wanted time to consider what he should say to the widow and the son, for this was, indeed, an unusual case. The son had frankly told him how it had all happened, but the Dean was anxious to know how they themselves looked at it. They were peculiar people, the Ingmars.

When the Dean had closed the book, the son said:

"We wanted to tell you, sir, that we do not wish any account of father's life to be read in church."

The Dean pushed his spectacles over his forehead and looked searchingly at the old woman. She sat just as immovable as before. She only crumpled the handkerchief a little which she held in her hand.

"We wish to have him buried on a week day," continued the son.

"Indeed!" said the Dean.

He could hardly believe his own ears. Old Ingmar Ingmarson to be buried without anyone taking any notice of it! The congregation not to stand on railings and mounds in order to see the display when he was being carried to the grave!

"There will not be any funeral feast. We have let the neighbors know that they need not think of preparing anything for the funeral."

"Indeed, indeed!" said the Dean again.

He could think of nothing else to say. He knew quite well what it meant for such people to forego the funeral feast. He had seen both widows and fatherless comforted by giving a splendid funeral feast.

"There will be no funeral procession, only I and my brothers."

The Dean looked almost appealingly at the old woman. Could she really be a party to all this? He asked himself if it could be her wishes to which the son had given expression. She was sitting there and allowing herself to be robbed of what must be dearer to her than gold and silver.

"We will not have the bells rung, or any silver plates on the coffin. Mother and I wish it to be done in this way, but we tell you all this, sir, in order to hear, sir, if you think we are wronging father."

Now the old woman spoke:

"We should like to hear if your Reverence thinks we are doing father a wrong."

The Dean remained silent, and the old woman continued, more eagerly:

"I must tell your Reverence that if my husband had sinned against the King or the authorities, or if I had been obliged to cut him down from the gallows, he should all the same have had an honorable funeral, as his father before him, for the Ingmars are not afraid of anyone, and they need not go out of their way for anybody. But at Christmas God has made peace between man and beast, and the poor beast kept God's commandment, whilst we broke it, and therefore we now suffer God's punishment; and it is not becoming for us to show any ostentatious display."

The Dean rose and went up to the old woman.

"What you say is right," he said, "and you shall follow the dictates of your own conscience." And involuntarily he added, perhaps most to himself: "The Ingmars are a grand family."

The old woman straightened herself a little at these words. At that moment the Dean saw in her the symbol of her whole race. He understood what it was that had made these heavy, silent people, century after century, the leaders of the whole parish.

"It behooves the Ingmars to set the people a good example," she said. "It behooves us to show that we humble ourselves before God."

Three Tales from Norway

Collected by ALHED SCHOU

NORWAY is an isolated country and a hard one, rugged and stony, each separate valley hedged in by towering mountains.

Those mountains shut out the light and sun for months every year, and the sun itself hangs low in the heavens, all winter.

No wonder the lonely inhabitants of the narrow valleys were given to superstitions and the dread of unknown powers. Nature was enigmatic and like an overpowering enemy. They were not yet her masters. No roads over the mountain passes, much less a railroad; no steamers on the cold, white lakes, no intercourse between the isolated farms, no light in winter's darkness.

It was like that. Things are different now. Man has yoked the foaming waterfalls, which for centuries rushed wild and free over the gray mountains and through the dark forests; the "white coal" gives light, warmth, bread, and work to a young and wide-awake generation. Telegraph and telephone, steamers and railroads bring the people in touch everywhere with one another and the great world outside.

But these three little tales are from the dark ages and represent, each in its way, a phase of the poetical soul of a dreambound people. *Gassen* is the incarnation of superstitious fear, the belief in and the dread of an inexorable Nemesis. The story of the young girl spirited away by the little gray man of the underworld is a curious blending of the prosaic with the tragic elements of human life. *Tussekallen*, the little gray man of the underworld, lives close by his Christian neighbor; they are on good terms; the gray man is friendly even, but beware! He is easily angered and spiteful; he has no soul. He leads the girl away, and she follows him willingly maybe,—who knows? He is good to her, in his way, but it is dark down there underground, and the poor mother walks around the hummock that shuts her daughter in and calls and calls, all the winter night, and calls in vain. *Huldra paa Jölst* stands in all its simplicity for the deepest longings of the human soul. A snowbound, poverty-bound people hungering for light and warmth and happiness sees its ideal in the young girl—the good fairy, in whose wake follow Spring and joy.

GASSEN

Grandfather often told us about a horrible black *Gasse* who used to roam about, here in Jölst. He was very wicked. We did not dare to talk much about him, even in broad daylight, and it would not have been wise to mention him at all at night. We chil-

dren were very much afraid of him. He crouched near the lake during the day, but at night he prowled about, and even grown up men trembled lest they cross his path. He used to wail and groan so pitifully that now and then strangers, who knew no better, would bend over to help him, but then he would jump on their backs and clutch their throats and try to choke them. He was shapeless and black and clammy, and he would hang around their necks and grow heavier and heavier, and they could not shake him off unless they passed a wheatfield. Gassen cannot bear the smell of growing corn.

Grandfather said that once upon a time, long, very long ago, a girl, here in Jölst, killed her baby and buried it near the lake; that was why Gassen lurked there. He was the wraith of that child and wanted a Christian burial.

THE GIRL WHO WAS SPIRITED AWAY ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Ever so many little gray people of the underworld lived under the ground near Aalhus, at Jölster. You knew they were there, even if you never saw them, and you had to be very careful not to annoy or offend them; they lived close by the farmer's house.

All Christian people wash and brush up for Christmas, but one should not throw the water one has washed or bathed in on Christmas Eve too near the hillock where the gray people live. Grandfather knew a girl who was spirited away Christmas Eve. Nobody could say what had become of her; she simply disappeared; but just one year later, on Christmas Eve, as the girl's mother was sitting alone in her kitchen, she heard a strange tapping on the window pane. She hurried out and found a little gray man waiting outside, in the dark.

"Come," he said, "your daughter wants you."

The mother started to run but did not have far to go, only to the little knoll near her own house. The hill opened and they entered; it was very gorgeous inside. Far back in the hill she saw her daughter lying in a big bed with a pink woven coverlet over her and a new-born baby by her side; the child was swathed in the most beautiful swaddling clothes she had ever seen.

"No one ever notices you when you run back and forth like this, do they?" said the girl's mother to the little gray man.

"Oh, no," said Tussekallen; "I and my father and even old grandfather have often been in your house and we sit at your hearth, but I don't think you ever saw us," and he laughed, while his large, weird head bobbed up and down.

"Then run," said the mother, "and fetch some of the butter I put on the table for Christmas. I should like to have my daughter taste the butter I made last summer."

Tussekallen ran, but before the mother had time to say a word to her daughter, he was back and convulsed with rage.

"You're a nice mother-in-law!" he shrieked, "to send me on such an errand! You knew that every butter-tub was marked with a Cross, and that the Cross is even cut in the wood, all around it. Get away! Never shall you see your daughter again! We have butter of her own, here, in the underworld, and plenty of good things to eat!"

He put her out, and there she stood, with the naked, frozen hill before her, and she never saw her daughter after that day, nor saw a light in the hill, even though she walked around and around it night and day, calling and calling the girl's name.

HULDRA PAA JÖLST

How we children used to love to hear grandfather tell about the wonderful, beautiful lady who lived in Jölst, very long ago.

The winter is long here, in Jölst, you know, and so cold and so bitter. And so dark, so frightfully dark—each day darker than the other, until at last you think it will always be like that. Everyone is miserable, those who live above the ground, as well as the underworld people who live below, and all the waters are frozen hard.

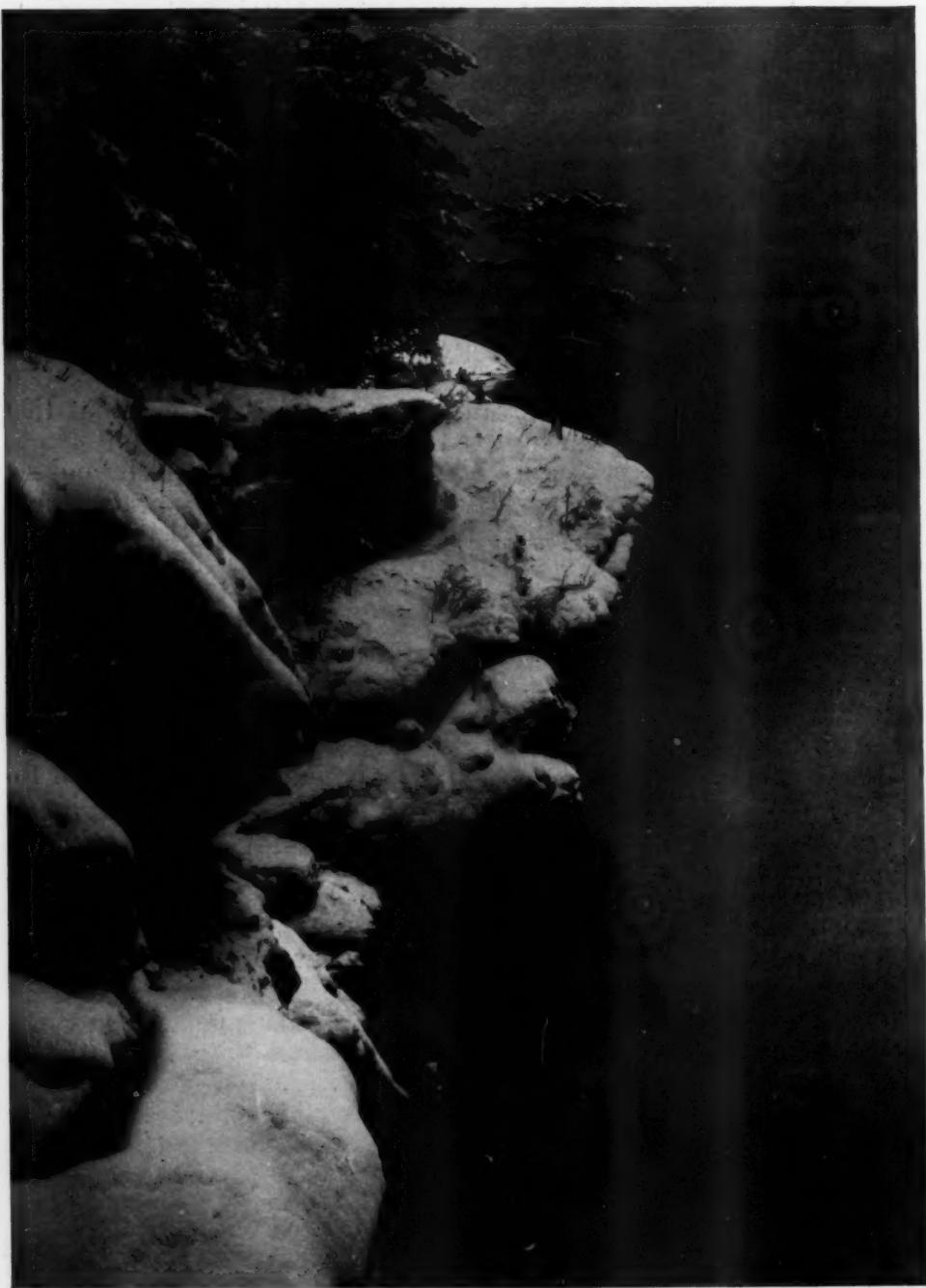
But then *she* would come. She walked beside the frozen waters; she went right up to the lake. She wore a red *daas*—you know the red skirt the women used to wear here in Jölst long ago—and a red bodice, with silver embroidery at the sleeves and in front. She had a blue bonnet on her head, such as the unmarried girls used to wear here, in Jölst, in olden days, and a beautiful white linen band across her forehead.

In one hand she carried a huge iron pan full of glowing, red coals, and as she walked along she seized the live coals and tossed them over her shoulder on the frozen waters and the hard ground. Then the cold ice melted and the hard ground grew soft.—*Translated by S. M. G.*



Illustrations by WILSE

Fjord and Glacier in Winter



Photograph by Wilse

MIRRORED IN THE CHRISTIANIAFJORD AT BYGDÖ



A SHEAF FOR THE BIRDS AT VOKSEGAARD

Photograph by Wilse



CLIMBING THE GLITTERTIND

Photograph by Wilse

Making the Danish Child Fit

By ANNA DUNCAN HIGGINS

WHAT is the proper form of physical education for the schools? It cannot be merely dancing and playing of games. Dancing is an end in itself, justified by the pleasure it gives, but is there not a vital need of a system that shall develop the physical powers side by side with the mental and, at the same time, give joy to the weary pupil?

These questions were a matter of serious debate with me, until, with other teachers, I saw the visiting Swedish gymnasts exhibit in Chicago, in 1913. We were one in the opinion that here was a system that had proved its value. Not long afterwards came Miss Dagny Pedersen from Aarhus, Denmark, who took us all by storm with her use of the Swedish system as applied to children. She taught with all the vigor and spirit common to her race. We saw her turn the Swedish exercises into games and finish a day's table with a spirited folk-dance, the children singing as they danced. It was simple, healthful, and convincing, and we felt that she had the proper material for the school child.

Since then I have spent a year studying in Denmark. Acting on the advice of Mr. K. A. Knudsen, Chief Inspector of Physical Education for the State of Denmark, I went to the Junker Institute in Silkeborg, where the full course is given in English. It is under the inspection of the Danish Ministry of Education and is parallel with the State Gymnastic School in Copenhagen, where the instruction, of course, is in Danish. The principal, Mr. H. G. Junker, is a follower of that grand Dane, Bishop Grundtvig, and his dream is to raise a high standard of manhood and womanhood! He is a true descendant of the vikings, all



MR. JUNKER IN THE GARDEN BEHIND THE INSTITUTE.
HE HAS NEVER WORN A HAT, GLOVES NOR OVERCOAT
IN HIS LIFE.

vitality and energy, with a splendid, athletic physique. He was formerly Assistant Inspector of Physical Education under the Ministry of Education. Mr. Junker was one of those chosen to introduce Swedish gymnastics into England, and was formally appointed Physical Instructor and Inspector to the Education Committee of the County Council of Yorkshire. Queen Alexandra was one of the first to donate money to the building of the new Junker Institute in the heart of Jutland. This school is supported chiefly by pupils from the British Isles, although students have also come from Holland, Hungary, Germany, Switzerland, and Russia. Graduates from the course hold positions in Great Britain, Ireland, and the British colonies.

Two questions which have been asked me by many teachers since my return are, "What is the difference between Swedish and Danish gymnastics?" and, "Why did you go to Denmark and not to Sweden to study physical education?"

The Danes do not claim to have established a new form of gymnastics. They all follow the principles of the Swede, Per Henrik Ling. When the Danish Government realized the need of establishing physical education in the schools, it forthwith sent a committee to Sweden to investigate the Ling system, with the result that this was made a part of the regular curriculum in Danish schools. Originally the teachers were all men graduates from the Central Institute of Gymnastics at Stockholm. This is now over twenty years ago, and since then the Danes have worked out their own problems and built their own training-schools. They have evolved a system of gymnastics for women and children, eliminating the formal military spirit of the Swedish method. The exercises for children are a series of games, free and child-like. Those for women are regulated so as to produce grace and agility as well as strength. The men's classes have been adapted to suit the civilian rather than the soldier. Yet none of the smartness of the Swedish system has been lost. To put it simply, the Danes have given it their own color of joy and freedom.

Comparing the schools of the two countries, I would say that the Danish offer more to the American student. There are better opportunities for seeing the work, since physical education is practised in every school in the dainty, tidy little country. We may visit school after school and see the same system taught in a hundred different ways, every teacher giving it the stamp of his or her own temperament and personality.

Among the training-schools in Sweden, the Central Institute of Gymnastics at Stockholm, founded by Ling, is so well known that I need not describe it. It is disappointing to find, however, that only men students are admitted there, and that most of the in-



THE JUNKER TWINS OFF FOR SCHOOL WITH THEIR KNAF-SACKS

structors are army officers. Even in the girls' schools I found a tendency toward formal and military work.

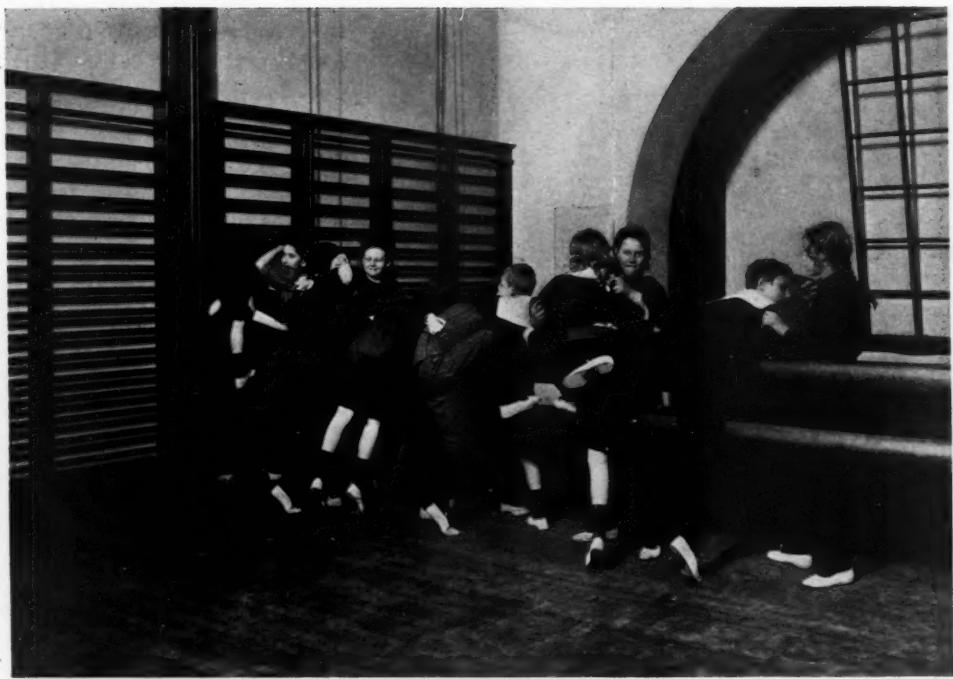
On the whole, it seems to me that the Danes carry on their work in a better spirit and more in accordance with the laws of modern psychology. The aim of Danish gymnastics is to develop a harmonious and symmetrical body. The system is always considered as a means to an end, and that end the perfection which they see in the works of their own sculptors. Its origin may be traced back to Thorvaldsen, who gave the Danish people their ideal of physical beauty; for although the Dane does not take his taste for art seriously, he does take it sincerely, and in no way is this national trait better exemplified than in the photo

prints which one may see framed and hanging on the walls of all the little farm homes. Even in the most primitive habitation—one cannot use the term poor, for there are no poor in Denmark as we understand poor in England or America—there is this devotion to the plastic art.

Physical education in Denmark means a thorough training in corrective gymnastics, folk-dancing, and field sports. Among the great events of the year are the gymnastic exhibitions held annually in every city, village, and farm of the kingdom. Judges are appointed to pass upon the degree of advancement from the previous year, and prizes are offered the classes according to the skill they show. Gymnastic training is carried on independently of sports and games, but it is claimed that it offers an excellent preparation for the more ambitious forms of athletics, such as the Olympic contests. The soundness of this reasoning is shown by the fact that a little over a year ago the Danes defeated the English at their national game of football in Copen-



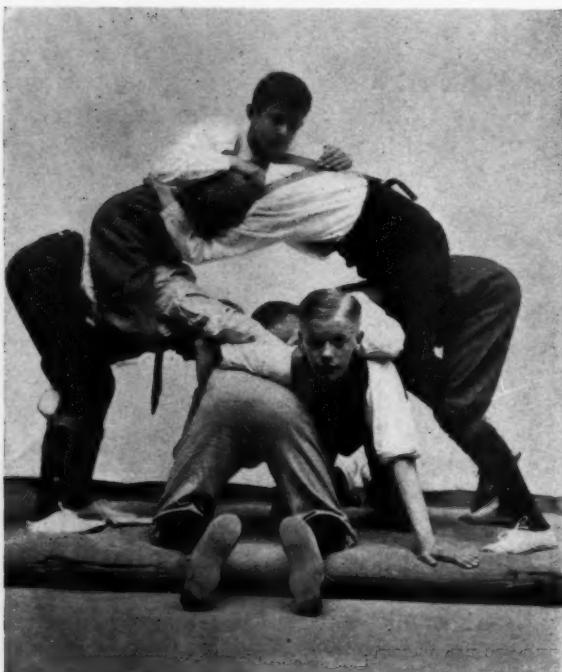
PREPARING FOR A CONTEST



"STORMING THE FORT"



"FOX AND CHICKENS"



THE FOUNDATION FOR A PYRAMID OF THIRTY BOYS

—no garters, no belts, no tight clothing, but common-sense shoes, and, if the weather permits, socks. To prevent lateral curvature, common among school children, they are provided with knapsacks, and the weight of the school books and materials is thus borne up on the back.

What impressed me most in the schools throughout the country was the inspiring manner in which the Danish women taught their gymnastic classes. To one who knows the women of Denmark it is no wonder that they were given the franchise by the solid vote of their parliament. The splendid condition of their homes and children was the living evidence of their efficiency. The teachers of gymnastics must pass a strict examination in anatomy, physiology, hygiene, and sanitation, aside from the regular theory and practice of gymnastics. All gymnastic teachers have had a practical and theoretic course in detecting and treating orthopedic defects and deformities. In this way postural faults are detected in their infancy. Added to their scientific training, they seem to have a wonderful power of stimulating the children and making the "gym" lesson a source of joy. I wish to pay a special tribute here to the schools of Aarhus, which I found an inspiration.

The Danish dislike of artificiality and pretense is no doubt the

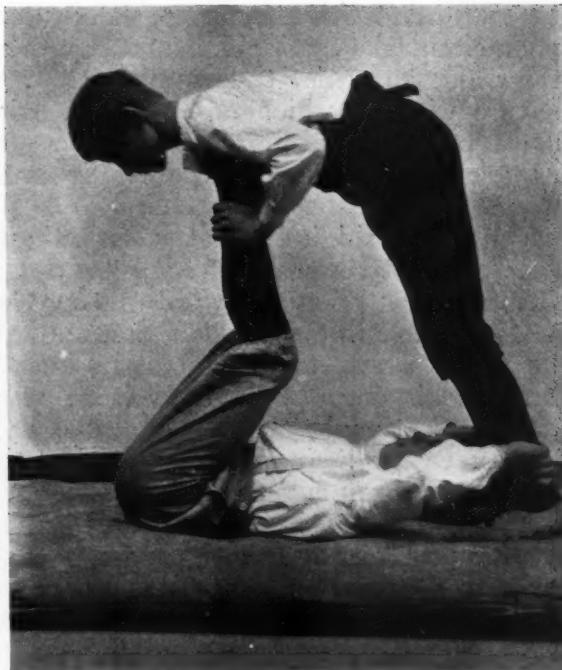
hagen. Games are played as much for the skill involved as for the sake of winning, and because children are taught this respect for the game itself, it is very seldom that cheating occurs among them.

The glory of Denmark is her children. Nowhere may one see rosier, healthier boys and girls. It is a land where children have come into their own. I feel I am safe in saying that the Danish system of physical education has done much to bring about this condition. The parents are compelled to dress their children hygienically and sensibly

reason for their total freedom from the craze for uncertain forms of dancing. If a child is to dance, it must dance with art, and consequently it is sent to the Ballet School in Copenhagen, which is second to none in Europe. The beauty and perfection of the Copenhagen ballet is one of the features of the capital, and the foundation upon which it builds is the training in the gymnasium. No pupils are admitted who have not a well-built and symmetrical body together with decided talent.

We are forced to admit that some of the conditions in our own country seem unhealthy and artificial by contrast. Esthetic dancing has spread even to the public schools. It is credited by the best authorities with making children self-conscious and setting them to dream of the concert hall, the moving-picture stage, and the vaudeville. Yet in spite of the national craze for dancing and the numerous teachers and schools, America has never produced a dancer of national or international fame. Why is this so? It is not because Americans are lacking in talent.

Too much rhythmic work is hypnotic and detrimental to growing children who have before them the serious business of laying the foundation for necessary mental education. Moreover the many charlatans who have flooded our country with spurious forms of physical education and dancing have done much to distract the attention of the people from a sane and wholesome form of educational gymnastics. There is an idea prevalent in this country that dancing and games can and will supplant gymnastics. Against this theory I stand with the Scandinavians and uphold the systematic training in the gymnasium. To any one familiar with history, it is evident that the two are on entirely different planes. From the earliest times people have played games and they have also had some form of rhythmical expression. Physical education has developed later, and under civilized conditions of living it is a vital need

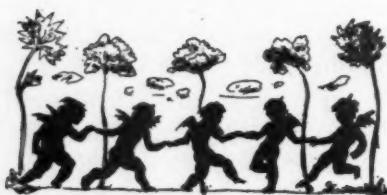


ACROBATIC FEATS GIVE CONTROL OF THE BODY

to counteract the effects of school-room fatigue, bad posture, and poor circulation. Dancing and games give expression to the emotions and an outlet to surplus energy. They are an outpouring of nature without which no child can exist normally, but do not let us stop there and imagine that "we do not need gymnastics in America." Dancing and games do nothing to correct postural deformities.

When we think of what systematic physical exercises did for the Greeks, what the work of Ling has done for Scandinavia, and what Dr. Jahn has effected toward uniting Germany and building up the manhood and womanhood of that country, we are forced to acknowledge that a system of gymnastics is necessary for the youth of our land. It is our duty to take it seriously and make it a part of our great educational system.

To see the Scandinavians on the athletic field, to see the symmetry and harmony of their bodily development and the finished form they display in every feat, is in itself proof enough that gymnastics prepares men and women for sports. England has recognized this by making Swedish gymnastics a part of the regular school curriculum. Our American athletes have won at home and abroad with credit to their country, but how much better prepared would they not have been if, like the Scandinavians, they had been in the gymnasium from their seventh year! If American educators put all the money which the taxpayers have set aside for physical training into the dance, they are cheating the boy of his gymnasium. While dancing may fill the need of the average girl, it can never mean much to the normal boy. Whether it is possible to develop the spirit of true physical culture in America as it is found in Denmark is difficult to say. The Americans of Danish birth and blood could do much toward keeping the spirit alive if they would work for the introduction of corrective gymnastics in the public schools in localities where the Scandinavians are numerous.



Almond for Luck

By BIRGITTE MONRAD MOGENSEN

IN Denmark Christmas is more than a holiday; it is a holy day. The children are not allowed to forget that it is the birthday of Christ, and Santa Claus, under various names, takes at most a secondary place. December 24, known as Little Christmas Day, is there the most important. An afternoon service is held in church. After that comes the Christmas dinner, when the goose is put on the table, followed by the traditional rice pudding, wherein lies the hidden treasure: a blanched almond, which means an "almond gift" for the lucky finder. In the middle of the table shines the three-armed silver candlestick in honor of the Three Holy Kings.

While dinner is cleared away mother disappears, and father or aunties begin the story-telling in the dark, while the children are eagerly straining to hear, see, or smell something from the room beyond. At last! The smell of burning spruce permeates the house, and the story is told to unheeding ears. Then mother throws open the doors, and all enter, according to age, the baby first, the grandmother last.

Flooded with light, stands the Christmas tree in the darkened room. At the top glitters the seven-pointed star, drawing our thoughts to the birthday child above. Joining hands around the tree, all sing the dear old Christmas hymns, beginning with "A Child Is Born In Bethlehem." Then comes the wishing of a merry Christmas to all present and the exchanging of gifts. As the candles burn down, the lights are lit in the other rooms, and while the children try their new toys and eat their Christmas goodies and raisins, the grownups have their after-dinner coffee.

On Christmas Day, early morning service is held in the church, and this is the day when guests are welcomed, and friends drop in to wish a merry Christmas and taste the Christmas cheer.

The servants join the family both at dinner and around the tree on Christmas Eve. Even Julenissen the goblin, gets his dish of rice pudding with an extra large piece of butter on top, and it is very seldom that the dish is not emptied—not by pussy of course, but by "Nis," who generally hangs on the Christmas tree below the star. The birds, too, are remembered on Christmas morning, and in the country you may see the sheaf of wheat put up on a long pole for them. On the farms the four-footed friends get an extra helping.

The Christmas tree is generally kept until New Year, being lit several times during the week of gay festivities, which culminate on New Year's Eve, with a great deal of noise, apple fritters, and punch.

THE DINNER MENU

Roast goose belongs to a Danish Christmas as the turkey to an American Thanksgiving. It should be stuffed with quartered apples and prunes that have been soaked for several hours in cold water.

Kähle and browned potatoes are served with the goose. Boil kähle till tender, drain, and chop very fine. Heat it in a white sauce made with two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, milk, salt, and pepper. Small cold-boiled potatoes are browned in a frying pan in butter and sugar, with a drop of water. Lay the kähle on a platter and arrange the browned potatoes over it.

Rice pudding is a reminder of the days when this homely dish was a luxury. Boil rice in a double boiler with milk. Serve with sugar and cinnamon, and set a glass of raspberry juice and water at each plate—not forgetting to put in a blanched almond.

AROUND THE TREE

Kvædebröd, or Danish quince candy, is made as quince marmalade, but with a more liberal allowance of sugar. Use one pound of sugar to each pound of quince pulp. Boil for forty minutes. Spread on a platter in a layer three-fourths of an inch thick. Leave it for several days to dry, then turn it over to dry on the other side and cut in squares.

Jew cakes (*jödekager*) are among the indispensable Christmas cookies. Wash three-fourths of a cup of butter in cold water, pat, and dry. Knead with three-fourths of a cup of sugar, two eggs, and enough flour to make a dough that can be rolled out very thin on a board. Cut into round cookies, brush with the white of an egg and sprinkle with thinly sliced, blanched almonds, cinnamon, and granulated sugar. Bake in a moderate oven.

Ginger cookies (*brune kager*) is another variety of the popular little cakes. The dough is made with one cup of brown sugar, one cup molasses (Porto Rico), three-fourths of a cup of butter and lard, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, one tablespoonful of cinnamon, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, two teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of water, and four heaping cups of flour or enough to roll out thin. Cut in the shape desired and place half a blanched almond on each.

Klejner, like the two foregoing, can be kept for weeks in a covered tin. Beat six yolks of eggs and two whole eggs thoroughly with a third of a pound of granulated sugar. Add two tablespoonfuls of cream, one and one-fourth ounce of melted butter, with as much flour as can be kneaded into the dough. Roll out very thin and cut into pieces about an inch wide and three inches long. Make a slit in the center and pull one end through. Fry in deep fat.

Editorial

Purify Thy
Soul on the
Battlefield!

*"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train."*

The words of that superbly martial hymn were a familiar air in the churches of New York during the week before the recent Presidential election. The backs of sturdy young American patricians stiffened in their pews with the courage of high resolve. Women's eyes glistened with tears of would-be sacrifice. Not one apparently but was jealous of those who have the opportunity of laying down their lives for their country. The clergyman preached universal military service; he told his congregation to vote at the polls according to their consciences. He mentioned no parties. But it was obvious to which ballot he belonged; heart and hand he was a Republican. Beneath all petty politics, both parties were profoundly affected by the European war and kindled with high ideals. In former election contests one of the popular battle cries of the Republican party had been "The full dinner pail," a commodity which the opposition party, without its protective tariff, was supposedly unable to supply. But under the Wilson administration the country attained to a prosperity hitherto unparalleled. In this wealth Republicans were led step by step to see not fortune but misfortune. They witnessed the peoples of Europe, stripped of luxury, straining every nerve at home for economy and efficiency, going forth to the battlefields exalted in spirit. Many a high-minded American felt aggravated by the contrast; he saw at home a slothful people, their leaders driving luxuriously in their limousines, prodigal to a degree, their workers carrying dinner pails full and overflowing, yet dissatisfied, slothful, unwilling to do their twelve hours, their ten hours a day, demanding forsooth a leisurely eight. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? "Friend," Colonel Roosevelt is reported to have replied to hecklers during a campaign speech in Arizona, "I never in my life asked you to vote for me on the ground that I would keep your belly full. I have no claim on the man who puts his belly before his soul." Europe, purged and efficient, stands ready to meet us in an unequal contest, economic or military, after her trained hosts return from the battlefields. We must take thought for ourselves. Something must be done to ennable us, not necessarily by war, but by the assertion of a firm, militant nationalism that will win even a belligerent's respect. America first and America efficient!

After all the Republicans lost. Their opponent, he who "sapped

the moral fiber of our people," will lead us for four years more. The triumphant Democracy which re-elected Woodrow Wilson rolled up its pluralities across the vast plains of the Middle States, through the mountain passes of the Sierras, and along the seaports of the Pacific. Geographically, the Republican states are a minority, huddled away in the corners of the map. How did it happen? Republicans can hardly chide the voters of our rough and ready West with spineless effeteness and lack of physical courage. Their ideals were likewise ideals. The old protective tariff they mistrusted as a remnant of the selfish feudal systems of walling up the nations and creating international distrusts. In sizing up Mr. Wilson's "notorious" letters, they honestly believed that the pen is mightier than the sword. While recognizing the noble aspirations and the accrued efficiency of the belligerent nations, they are persuaded that war is more hell than heaven, and that it spells disaster, even to the winners. They see the manhood of the nations burning up in hatred the finest ideals of their souls. Their leader has sometimes seemed unperturbed at the chips laid on Uncle Sam's broad shoulders by foreign officials mentally unhinged by war; he has at times seemed almost to mock at patriotism itself; but they are convinced that he always is actuated by a farseeing internationalism and realizes that humanity must ultimately be placed above nationality.

H. G. L.

**A Little
Behind
Finland**

All ye progressive Scandinavians observe! America, if not in the lead, is at least again in the race for progress. During the last generation we have grown accustomed to the spectacle of being outdistanced in true democracy now by Denmark, now by Norway, now by Sweden. Denmark is well ahead of us in practicable arbitration, Norway in woman's suffrage, Sweden in the proper pensioning of disability and old age. But when we look at the record of the first Wilson administration we must fairly rub our eyes. Federal reserve law, child labor law, rural credits act, eight hour law; radical enactments for the benefit of humanity fairly tumble over one another. It is commonly said that the present administration has accomplished more legislation than any five of its predecessors. And now the Republicans have the honor of returning the first woman to the National Congress. Miss Rankin represents the fresh-air state of Montana, where they ride to market on half-tamed bronchos. Here is a subject for a genial cartoonist, an Engström, in Stockholm or Copenhagen: Miss Rankin riding up the steps of the Capitol in stirrup and tan boots and sombrero, amid the cheering ranks of her masculine colleagues, while the ghost of George Washington, gentleman of Virginia, smiles down serenely at a world grown younger.

**Four Years
of Accom-
plishment**

At the board meeting of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, held in New York, at the Yale Club, November 4, the Secretary made a detailed report upon the careers of the former traveling Fellows and Scholars of the Foundation in America and in Scandinavia subsequent to their period of study. With but one possible exception, their residence at institutions abroad has given them a width of vision, knowledge, and power that has enabled them to assume positions offering greater service at home. The Foundation follows with real interest the welfare of all its former students and wishes them to regard themselves as "alumni." In a sense, the institution is an international university.

Before the Foundation was incorporated, a number of Scandinavian students came to this country at the invitation of the American-Scandinavian Society of New York, the expenses of several of them being paid by private subscriptions raised by the Society. Morally at least they also may be regarded as "alumni." In 1912-13 such funds as were available were voted for six students designated—as all American students henceforth—"Scholars." The following year the first Fellowships went into effect, six annually, yielding \$750 each, the successful candidates being chosen by Advisory Committees in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. For four years now these students have come to our American institutions, twenty-two in all, two vacancies having been caused by the war in 1914. Five of them remained in America a second year, either for practical experience or to complete their college work. All are morally obligated to return to their own countries for permanent residence. About one-half have been engineers, investigating road building, concrete bridge construction, electricity; the other half have pursued a great variety of studies, including libraries, radio-activity, psychology, ethnology, surgery, chemistry, agriculture, law, philology, botany, and medicine. At least six of the Fellows have already published results of their American studies, and most of the others expect to do so.

Following is a complete list of the official students and stipendiaries:

(1909-11)

Scholars: T. J. Beck, Harald Erbing, Haakon Styri, Elna Bengtsson, H. Bennick, Frode Kjems, Moritz Rasmussen, Hans C. Vedsted. Appointed by the American-Scandinavian Society.)

1912-13

Scholars: Gustaf Ambjörn, Bernhard Bergersen, Marta Dahl, Henning Larsen, H. O. Olson, Martin B. Ruud, Vilhelm Slomann.

Other Stipends: The Scandinavian Exhibition.

1913-14

Fellows: C. M. Pedersen, Vilhelm Slomann, Arnt Jakobsen, Ellen Gleditsch, Einar Corvin, Erik Köersner.

Scholars: Pauli Christiansen, Amandus Johnson, Martin B. Ruud.

Other Stipends: "The Publications" of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study.

1914-15

Fellows: Gudmund Hatt, Malcolm Westergaard, Lars Berg, Abraham Troell.

Scholars: Edwin Björkman, Axel Brett, Pauli Christiansen, Ingebrigtsen Larsen Lillehei, Anna M. Monrad, Gustav Adolf Peterson.

Other Stipends: "The Publications."

1915-16

Fellows: Torsten Ingeloff, Greta Linder, Poul Lindholm, Sven Palitsch, Chr. Wriedt, Ingebrikt Volden.

Scholars: Hilda Hempl, Poul Holmstrup, Johann O. Silseth, Andrew Adin Stomberg.

Additional Stipends: Pall Asgeir Ingvarson, "The Publications," Harold Malcolm Westergaard, Alf. Baumann, Magnus Andresen.

1916-17

Fellows: Ruben Nöjd, E. Paul Wretlind, Martin L. Reymert, Otto Morgenstierne, Ernst Gram, Christen Lundsgaard.

Scholars: Jens Christian Bay, Jens H. Hjelmstad, William Richards, Oscar Leonard Strömberg.

Additional Stipends: Brooklyn Museum, "The Publications," Olafur Kjartansson, Georg Tysland.

Let us examine the records of a few of these students, chosen at random. Dr. Styri is a docent at the Technical Institute of Trondhjem. Rev. H. C. Vedsted has published two volumes of essays dealing with America. Miss Dahl, who has been teaching our domestic science in the schools of Norway, now plans to carry her work among the deaf and blind. Dr. Larsen won a fellowship at Princeton, where he took his degree, and now occupies an important position as instructor in English and Old Norse at the University of Iowa. Mr. Slomann, who studied our library methods, has made very practical use of his American experience. He has conceived and organized *Bellibria*, a war library bureau in Copenhagen that is circulating books among all the prison camps of Europe. Mr. Jakobsen, who studied bridge construction at the University of Wisconsin, is a division engineer of the Norwegian State Railways. In his department are thirty civil engineers busily engaged in making structures of re-enforced concrete for the expansion of the national railroad system. Miss Ellen Gleditsch received in this country an honorary degree of doctor of laws from Smith College. Refusing attractive commercial offers from radium firms at home and abroad, she returned to occupy the position of docent in the University of Christiania, and her opinion is sought the world over on questions of radio-activity. Dr. Hatt is lecturing on ethnology in Copenhagen.

Dr. Troell is now over-surgeon at the Seraphim Hospital in Stockholm; since he became Fellow he has published no less than eleven articles on surgical subjects. Mr. Ingeloff is designing aeroplanes. Miss Linder has returned to act in an expert advisory capacity to the Swedish Public Library Commission.

The example of these fifty-eight stipendiaries should be sufficient answer for any who may feel that the Foundation neglects the exchange of students in favor of other forms of service. And this is not all. The office of the Foundation has made connections in these four years by letters of introduction and personal exhortations for more than five hundred Scandinavian students, teachers, and investigators. None of these are included among the official Fellows and Scholars named above. Money is not all things. The name and endorsement of the Foundation has come to mean much more than the stipend. Take the case of the Icelandic student of irrigation, Mr. Ingvason. His stipend amounted to but fifty dollars. Yet as a "Scholar" of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and endorsed by letters from the Secretary to government and university officials, he was able to spend a year on the Pacific coast, going from one state to another, from agricultural college to governmental experiment station, ready to return to Iceland with a rich experience. Recently the Foundation has permitted the creation of a limited number of honorary Fellowships without stipends—no more than two from any one country in one year—to be filled, when worthy candidates apply, by the several committees.

All Associates are requested to read with care the "Statement to the Public," printed on another page of the REVIEW, so that they may be in a position to answer the questions of their friends and do full justice to the work of the Foundation. The Fellowships and Scholarships, important as they are, constitute but one department of the opportunities for international good that this organization is prepared to accomplish, if friends and funds be provided. To study means and ways to this end the President has recently appointed a Committee on Endowment. There are six members—Hamilton Holt, chairman; W. H. Schofield, Samuel T. Dutton, A. E. Johnson, John A. Gade, and John D. Hage.

Prisoners' Relief As we go to press we receive word from Stockholm that the Crown Princess was gratified over the first contribution collected by the REVIEW for her prisoners' relief work. Each American donor will be thanked personally in her name. The demands on her committee for letters and parcels are enormous. For example, one sheet of music is greedily copied and recopied by prisoners in Siberia. The REVIEW will forward any contributions, however small, for this splendid work.

Books

THE EMPEROR OF PORTUGALLIA. From the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. 323 pages. Price \$1.50. New York: Doubleday Page & Co. 1916.

Mrs. Howard has added another volume to her beautiful translations from Selma Lagerlöf. She has been particularly happy in her rendering of the quaint Vermland flavor in *The Emperor of Portugallia*, and the book itself, with its sweetness and pathos, will perhaps make an even more intimate appeal to Americans than did *Jerusalem*, which is a greater work. We cull a few paragraphs from the appreciative reviews that have appeared.

"It is merely the tale of a girl who goes wrong," writes Hildegarde Hawthorne in the *New York Times*, "and of her poor old mad peasant father, waiting for her at home. But who shall convey the poignant pathos, the serene beauty, the deep and delicate understanding of the human heart which are revealed in this simple story? It can be read in three hours, and it holds you with a sort of gentle tenseness that will not be denied. The writer of a book like this has genius; no lesser word will do. The very breath of life is in it, the beauty of great art, the unconsciousness of greatness."

J. B. Kerfoot, writing in *Life*, says: "Like *Jerusalem*, it is written with a lustral and limpid simpleness, not only of style but of outlook. Like it, too, it accepts as of equal and everyday naturalness the material facts and mystic semblances of life, as lived by the Swedish rustics. And while it deals with a humbler, because more individual, drama, it none the less touches the hidden springs of our universal kinship."

The critic of the *Evening Sun* speaks of the "atmosphere of poetry and mystical beauty" in which it is enveloped, and gives praise to the translator for "keeping intact the beauty, the poetical grace, and delicate mystery of the original." The Swedish-American papers likewise give hearty recognition to Mrs. Howard's merits as a Lagerlöf translator.

LEADERS IN NORWAY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Agnes Mathilde Wergeland. Edited and arranged by Katherine Merrill. Illustrated. 193 pages.

Minneapolis: The Free Church Book Concern. 1916. Price \$1.50.

GLIMPSES FROM AGNES MATHILDE WERGELAND'S LIFE. By Maren Michelet. Illustrated. Memorial edition. Privately published. Minneapolis. 1916.

A remarkable personality is revealed in these two books. Miss Merrill, in her biographical note to *Leaders in Norway and Other Essays*, says of Agnes Mathilde Wergeland that "she seemed always on the verge of doing, in some art form, greater things than she had yet done." This is readily understood when we read the facts of her life as presented by Miss Michelet in *Glimpses*. From her childhood she wrote verse; her drawings reveal talent, and of her music Grieg said that she could do anything on the piano. None of these gifts received encouragement. Her brother, Oscar Wergeland, became a famous artist, but Agnes Mathilde was destined for a teacher. When she wished to fit herself for the higher posts in her profession, the University of Zürich was the only one in Europe which offered women full opportunities. She took her doctor's degree there with incredible speed and great distinction, but even then her native country had no place for her. Like her great kinswoman, Camilla Collett, she found that Norway, though passionately loved, was a hard mother.

A fellowship at Bryn Mawr enabled her to come to the United States, but, according to Miss Merrill, neither that college nor the University of Chicago,

where she lectured, gave her solid attainments the full meed of praise which they deserved. Foreigners were not cordially welcomed twenty-five years ago, and for all her personal beauty and air of distinction, Dr. Wergeland was unfashionable and "queer."

It was as professor of history at the University of Wyoming that she came at last into her own. Her sturdy Wergeland fiber was akin to the pioneers of the West. Whatever she may have missed of mellow old-world culture she found more than compensation in their generous progressive spirit. She used her privilege of voting with a solemn gratitude. She became one of the most beloved teachers at the university, and conducted a seminar where she lectured to faculty members and a few townspeople on the Norwegian and French drama. The essays collected by Miss Merrill show breadth of view, artistic sense, and occasional flashes of originality that remind one of Camilla Collett. She could, no doubt, have gone far in the line of critical and analytical writing, but her health had been undermined by privation and work; old age came upon her all too soon, and death cut short her career in her fifty-seventh year. We must look to her twelve years of teaching in Wyoming as the main achievement of Dr. Wergeland's life. Her sincere, thorough work, her high ideals and ripe culture have set their stamp on the university during its formative years. Her influence can never be measured, but will be gratefully remembered. H. A. L.

POLITICS AND CROWD MORALITY, A STUDY IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF POLITICS.
By Arthur Christensen. Translated from the Danish by A. Cecil Curtis.
Pp. 270. Price \$2.50. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This volume is an attempt to analyze the psychological basis of both domestic and foreign politics as found especially in the democratic or parliamentary systems of Europe, and to appraise them by ethical standards. As is well known, crowds have strangely primitive mental processes and moral standards far below those set for individuals. Both the nation and the political party are crowds, and share these characteristics. Interstate and home politics therefore exist on a deplorably low plane, illustrated by war, exploitation, oppression, and graft.

The analysis is made with thorough insight into the modern science of social psychology and with a comprehensive knowledge of European politics. The gloomy picture is relieved by the interest of the many and unusual illustrations drawn from recent history, and by the optimistic attitude of the author's few constructive suggestions in Chapter IX. He finds a general tendency for crowd morality to follow towards the superior standards of individual morality. In place of modern democracy and parliamentarism, which are little less autocratic and rapacious than monarchical tyranny, he looks forward to a government of trade group representation in which the groups, being bound together by real interests rather than by temperamental and traditional prejudices, will make moral ideals a reality and not merely empty party watchwords and unfulfilled platforms.

The book is filled with many interesting though often disconnected observations on politics. Americans will read with curiosity and chagrin a Dane's references to our own political methods (pp. 91f., 201f.). Mr. Christensen wrote before the war in Europe came to color all international thinking, even that of neutral countries like his and ours. Therefore much consideration should be given to the unqualified condemnation of war on both political and moral grounds by such an impartial but well informed student of European "real" politics.

Haverford College, Haverford, Pa.

HENRY J. CADBURY.

WAR, PEACE AND THE FUTURE, A CONSIDERATION OF NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONALISM, AND OF THE RELATION OF WOMEN TO THE WAR. By Ellen Key. Translated by Hildegard Norberg. x and 271 pages. Price \$1.50. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1916.

Ellen Key thinks in centuries where others think in decades, and only so can she hold fast her hope that some day we may abolish war, a hope which is one with her belief that humanity may become truly human. She looks on the future with no easy optimism. She abhors the organized waste of war and has no faith in the noble qualities it is said to call out. Like first love, it may lift a petty nature out of itself, but each person soon finds his own level. "A goose remains a goose though dressed in mourning." The devotion shown by really noble men and women existed in times of peace as well, and it is the everlasting shame of the rulers that they have not known how to utilize it.

Neither does Miss Key believe that the entrance of women into public life will work an immediate change. They, as well as the men, need that slow transformation of ideals which alone can put an end to war. Yet, she has faith that certain basic elements in the feminine life principle will in time assert themselves. Women care more for the race than men and less for the State, which now drags the individual down to a lower level of conduct. Like the earth itself, women will rebel against the excessive drain on their fruitfulness and will demand an accounting for the children they have borne. Miss Key utterly repudiates the idea of marrying in order to fill out the thinning ranks of the nation, which is now held up to women as a sacred duty in several European countries. Submitting to marriage without love for State reasons would, she thinks, put civilization back hundreds of years. She sees more danger in the spread of such ideas than even in the sexual vices that always follow in the wake of war.

KING SAINT OLAF, A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS. By Gustav Melby. 143 pages. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Mr. Melby has attempted an ambitious task in writing a drama in blank verse on the life of Norway's great king and patron saint. It is all the more difficult, as he has introduced the supernatural elements of tradition. The subject is one that has inspired great poems, among them *Arnljot Gelline*, and it would hardly be fair to reproach the present writer because he does not reach the heights of a Björnson. His sincere presentation of the struggle between paganism and Christianity, as personified in Olaf, is worthy of cordial praise. In the main, the author has used the rich material furnished by the saga, though he departs from it in changing the idealistic friendship of Olaf with the Swedish princess, Ingegerd, into a full-fledged love affair. In doing so he has somehow missed Snorri's exquisite touch of letting Ingegerd discover to Olaf his power of miraculous healing. The verse is smooth and pleasing, and sometimes has considerable poetic beauty.

John A. Gade's book, *Charles the Twelfth King of Sweden*, has suffered a curious fate at the hands of the reviewer. Written as the diary of a purely fictitious Colonel Klingspor, it simulates so well the style of Charles the Twelfth's devoted officer that it has been taken for the translation of an actual document. The critic of the New York *Evening Post*, in a laudatory review, speaks of it throughout as an old diary, and even Swedish editors have been deceived. While a tribute to the author's skill, this conception does scant justice to the research and constructive work that have gone into the volume.

Brief Notes

The index of THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW, Volume IV, is now ready and may be had free by application to this office. Those who desire may send in the six numbers for 1916 with \$1 and have them bound attractively in cloth with gold lettering and the seal of the Foundation stamped in gold on the side. The volume will be returned postpaid.

Waldemar Ager, whose article in the REVIEW on "The Fifteenth Wisconsin" will be remembered, has published a collection of letters from the soldiers of that Norwegian regiment in the Union Army. The volume, which is entitled *Oberst Heg og hans Gutter*, contains much valuable historical material gathered with considerable pains. It should be made available in English.

"The Lutheran Church and California" is a large, handsomely bound and illustrated volume, published by the Rev. E. M. Stensrud of San Francisco, with the object of giving authentic information on conditions in California and, particularly, of drawing Scandinavian immigrants from the Eastern States to those communities where their church is established.

The Department of Scandinavian Languages in the University of Illinois is to be congratulated on the publication of its fac-simile edition of the Old Norse *Speculum Regale* (King's Mirror) edited by Professor George T. Flom. The original is enshrined in the university library at Copenhagen, and permission to reproduce it was obtained by Professor Flom. The edition is limited to one hundred and fifty numbered copies, selling for \$15 each.

Among Scandinavian publications of the University of Illinois may also be mentioned a bulletin on "The Phonology of the Dialect of Aurland, Norway," by Professor Flom.

It would be difficult to find a more attractive Christmas present than *Julkvällen*, the Christmas number issued by *Svenska Publicistklubben*. Even for those who cannot read Swedish the twelve full page illustrations by Prince Eugen, Zorn, Carl Larsson and other famous painters are well worth the moderate price of \$1. It is for sale by Waldemar J. Adams, 516 Third Avenue, New York.

The famous Swedish Christmas publication *Julstämning* needs no recommendation. It contains this year some of the paintings made known to Americans through the Scandinavian and the recent Swedish Exhibition, as well as others, by artists not yet familiar to us. An interesting series of contributions on women of many lands is illustrated with fine photographs. The edition de luxe costs \$1 and can be obtained from Carl Dahlen, 629 Third Avenue, New York.

Prisoner's Relief Fund: Contributions will be received by the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW during the progress of the war and forwarded to the Swedish Committee. Subscriptions not yet acknowledged: C. S. Peterson, \$10; the Rev. A. E. Elmquist, \$1; Mrs. F. Ritzen, \$5; John Frohlin, \$2; Agnes B. Leach, \$50; Charles S. Haight, \$10; W. H. Schofield, \$1; Mrs. G. E. Roosevelt, \$1; the Rev. J. T. Addison, \$1; Miss Ruth Cheney, \$5; C. A. Smith, \$50; Miss Esther Lloyd, \$10.

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